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HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

A FAVOURITE HAUNT.

PRAIRIE FARMS

AND

PRAIRIE FOLK.

BY

PARKER GILLMORE
("UBIQUE,")
AUTHOR OF "A HUNTER'S ADVENTURES IN THE GREAT WEST," ETC.

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THE HOMESTEAD.

QX-C-38

IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1872.

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00060125

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PRAIRIE FARMS AND PRAIRIE FOLK.

CHAPTER I.

Indiana and Illinois—Changes in Half-a-century—Vincennes—Emigrants of Gallic Origin—Historical Associations of Vincennes—The March of Civilization—Climate—Eastern Indiana and Illinois—Agricultural Capabilities—Abundant Supply of Fruit—The Population—Education—Destiny of the United States—Louisville—Cincinnati—American Factions—A Mulatto Girl's Views of Freedom.

WHILE quite a lad, it had been my good fortune to spend some years wandering through the United States of America. The impressions which were made upon my mind, at that susceptible period of life, were so deep, that they became imprinted on my memory with indelible vividness, all of them being so favourable to the Western continent that I determined, as soon as opportunity offered,

to return to the scenes of my early experiences.

To give a description of this immense country would be the duty of the writer on geography, so jumping over all attempts at detail I will only impart to my readers such incidents as came under my own personal observation, at the same time asking them to remember that my purpose here was not scientific research, but rather a desire to gratify a longing for adventure and amusement in a country which experience had previously taught me most likely to be prolific in the objects I desired to attain. I will not, therefore, tarry about the Atlantic sea-board, but rush off with the impetuosity of the iron-horse for the States that have now become the greatest grain and cattle producers in the world.

There are many men living who can remember Indiana and Illinois as the residence of the aborigines, with scarcely a settlement, much less a town or city, in their immense area. How different is it now! Look at Chicago, with a population of over three hundred thousand in-

habitants, and Springfield, Indianapolis, Evansville, Logansport, and Lafayette, handsome towns, with churches, schools, theatres, and numerous other public buildings, while each possesses a trade little inferior to that of any of our third-rate cities. To have foretold such radical changes in this immense tract of country thirty years ago, would have qualified the prophet, in the estimation of all, for candidature for a madhouse. Yet still, impossible as the alterations may appear, they are nevertheless true, and, moreover, they are without a precedent in the annals of history.

When walking in the suburbs of Cincinnati with a friend who was far from being an old man, he pointed out a ravine, possibly large enough to be called a valley, through which a small stream trickled, and now covered on every side by Germans' and Irishmen's shanties. Here, he told me, his father had frequently shot deer. At the time of which I write it was almost within the corporation limits of this great emporium of trade. What a change had say half a century effected! the still, quiet, silent forest, rarely trodden but by

the hoofs of wild game, now metamorphosed into a thickly populated suburb.

The town of Vincennes, near which the greater portion of the events and experiences herein narrated occurred, is probably older than the last-mentioned city, but it has not advanced with the same rapid strides. This possibly may be owing to its early settlers being nearly all of French extraction; for it is an extraordinary, though nevertheless a true statement, that wherever, on the American Continent, towns were first settled by people of Gallic origin, they have failed to successfully compete in increase of population and prosperity with such districts as owe their residents to Scotland, Ireland, England, or Germany. Again, the climate of Vincennes has militated against it, and it has the disadvantage of being situated upon a river which, during a large portion of the year, is not navigable but by craft of the lightest draught. I fear the French, as a rule, have not got the forethought and practical sound sense of observation possessed by our countrymen; for if it were otherwise, they would not have made

choice of the situations they have invariably selected, more particularly when it is recalled to memory that they had much earlier and more intimate association with the Western wilds than any other people claiming to be of European descent.

But wherever the Canadian voyageur (and through them comes the French origin) settled, there will always be found a romantic historical interest attached, which is generally entirely wanting where origin is owing to a less volatile race. For instance, Vincennes is the scene where many a treaty of peace was concluded between the pale-face and the redskin; here it was that for years the annual government presents were distributed to hordes of aborigines; here, close to where what is generally designated "the governor's house," Tecumseh and his brave supporters, in language both poetical and forcible, protested against the invasion of their territory; here was war declared by this patriotic chief against the overbearing and invincible foreigner; and here was the hatchet of peace buried, never to be disinterred till all his

race had passed away to the spirit-land of their fathers. Where Tecumseh harangued his chiefs and defied the soldiers of the Republic, where stood the trysting spot of all his allies, where the wigwams of a free people were crowded together, and the war-horse, bedecked with eagles' plumes, waited his master's will, now stand a gigantic rail-road station and machine shop. The voice of the anvil usurps the place of the splash of the canoe-paddle, the busy hum of commerce supplants the merry laugh of the hunters' camp. At this date not a solitary Indian can be found where little over fifty years back every inch of soil belonged to his fathers.

Thus the march of civilization has done its work thoroughly, and the educated Christian has dispossessed and exterminated those who at first received him with friendship and hospitality. However, it is better to leave such unpleasant reminiscences of the past; few persons, still fewer nations, like to be told their faults, or to listen to the recapitulation of the black pages of their history. Whatever the country looked like fifty years ago, I am not able

to say, but that from present appearances it promises to become one of the wealthiest agricultural districts in the United States I confidently assert. The climate certainly is rather trying to the constitution of Europeans, but time will doubtless alter this, as I feel convinced that, when proper drainage has been effected, and those swamps which nightly exhale dense miasmatic vapours are reclaimed, the strongest objection to this neighbourhood will be overcome. It is impossible to find any locality perfect. Thus, where the most robust health can be enjoyed, the nature of the country is such that the industrious can do little more than make a bare subsistence; and where the vegetable world flourishes in tropical luxuriance, noxious vapours, loaded with disease, hang over the landscape. Now Southern Indiana and Illinois are neither tropical nor the reverse, but enjoy an intermediate climate, with only some of the disadvantages of the former and but very few of the drawbacks of the latter.

From the external appearance of the neighbouring states of Ohio and Pennsylvania, Eastern

Indiana does not not naturally differ, for the same densely wooded swamps and rolling wooded lands are in all to be found; but when its western limits are reached, the broad boundless prairie, occasionally broken by islands of woodland, becomes its characteristic feature, while Illinois situated still further westward, can most justly, from the prevalence of open grass-land, be called the Prairie State. It must not however for a moment be imagined that there is no timber in Illinois, for wherever there are water-courses, and these are numerous, a more or less deeply fringed edging of trees will be found. For instance, on the lower waters of the noble Ohio river, which in width and volume of water very far exceeds in magnitude the Thames at London, a belt of many miles in depth of valuable woods is found; while the White river and Wabash, both tributaries of the Ohio, yet of such magnitude as would entitle them to superiority for size among streams in England, have their entire length with little interruption clothed with handsome woods. From this circumstance, Illinois possesses great advantages over the prairie states

situated further to the east or west, as the settler can select for his future home such varieties of land as will afford him fields without the labour of clearing, and yet sufficiently timbered in portions to provide fences for his enclosures and planking for his dwelling house, as well as fuel, a desideratum as necessary as water. This combination of circumstances, or variety in the landscape, had doubtless much influence in my selecting this neighbourhood for a protracted residence; for a variety of game was here to be found that could not be obtained in a country which was either all open land or the reverse.

The soil on the prairie lands is either gravelly, or sandy loams, with a shallow covering of alluvial deposit, making it alike eligible for barley, Indian corn, buck-wheat, beans, pease, and, in the more northern districts, oats and rye. Wheat may be successfully cultivated upon most of the soils, and with proper tillage upon all. The humidity of the atmosphere may prove a barrier on occasional seasons to the production of some of the cereals above-mentioned, but there is no doubt that in the course of time, through

the industry of the population, combined with the increase of wealth among the agricultural portion of the community, drainage will be so thoroughly carried out that this drawback will cease to exist.

Under a judicious system of farming, there can be no doubt but that as good returns can be obtained from these lands, as from any part of the Continent of America, they being free from the excessive heat and drought of more southern regions, or the severities of a more northern winter.

The grounds margining the rivers on the other hand are composed of the richest loam, of many feet in depth, which will produce the most luxuriant crops for years in succession. But to render them fit for the purposes of the husbandman requires much labour; for they have to go through the same course of preparation as adopted in Canada, with the disadvantage of not possessing the long and severe Winter, so advantageous to the axeman in his endeavours to make a clearing in the primitive forest. But when this arduous task of clearing has been successfully performed,

the reward that results compensates a hundred fold for the labour bestowed.

Such fruits as apples, pears, plums, cherries, and peaches grow here in such luxuriance, and of such excellent quality, that in the entire course of my experience I can safely say I do not know a country that can be compared with this for the cultivation of these fruits. In fact I was informed that peaches were so abundant in the orchard attached to a friend's residence, that, to prevent their being left to rot upon the ground, they were given to the hogs. At the same time, it must not be understood that the fruit that was disposed of in this ignominious manner was equal in size and flavour to those produced in an English green-house. No, they were nothing of the kind, but if care had been bestowed upon their cultivation, they doubtless could soon have been rendered equal in every respect to those grown across the Atlantic with so much care and attention.

The woodlands which have been left in a state of nature abound with wild fruits, such as papaws, persimmons, grapes, plums, cherries, raspberries,

and blackberries. Hazel, hickory, picaron, black and white walnuts can be gathered in such quantities as to render them of little or no value in a pecuniary sense.

The population in the southern portion of Indiana and Illinois is not nearly so dense as further to the north, the well-known richness of the soil not being sufficiently attractive to counteract the reports which have long been spread regarding the prevalence of fever and ague in this district. Still, where there are towns and settlements, civilization has made rapid strides, and school-houses, public buildings, and churches are in that abundance peculiar to America. Sunday schools, which are much encouraged, are generally conducted by female teachers, probably the daughters of the squire, judge, or doctor, members of the different churches that exist in the neighbourhood; for on all hands there is a general recognition of the incalculable benefits and advantages to be derived from a liberal and religious education, and there is no doubt but that, as the country advances, so will the educational institutions still further expand.

The Roman Catholic religion, particularly in the oldest settled towns, has many believers. Here, as elsewhere, institutions known by the name of Palaces, have been established; but this *sobriquet* is a misnomer, as no pomp or retinue is ever seen within their walls; for they are dedicated to the support and education of poor and parentless children, who are taught the rudiments of a sound education, and such trades as will enable them to gain respectable livelihoods. To a number of worthy Sisters of Charity is this task confided, and patiently and zealously do they perform their labours. Frequently, when travelling in the west, I have chatted with both preceptors and their charges, and a happier family it would be difficult to find. The devoted love of the children to their superiors I had many opportunities of observing, and I feel convinced that these waifs looked forward with regret to the time when they would be obliged to go forth into the world. But throughout the whole of the United States, there are similar institutions to be found, as well as State schools and colleges for males and females, and education is always so cheap that it is within the reach of all who

can spare time to devote to it. The wisdom of such a policy will be proved by the future history of this great and prosperous people, which, if I mistake not, is destined to reach an elevation never previously attained by any nation of the world. I do not say this with the view of disparaging my own land, but with the impression that, if I stated otherwise, I should be expressing a belief which in my heart I felt to be untrue. Of course it is difficult to convince one who is born, bred, and has lived all his life in his native land, that there is another country equally beautiful, prosperous, and productive with his own. Fearlessly I say there is, and more, if comparisons are made, that the new land will have advantage of the old. But as my simple statement to this effect may only be accepted as a desire to give prominence to what is distant, and thus difficult of comparison, it possibly may be desirable to point out on what grounds I claim this equality, or even advantage, viz., in height of mountains, magnitude of rivers, frequency of lakes and streams; variety, size, and abundance of timber, mineral wealth, and productions of the soil. If

we Englishmen pride ourselves upon our lake scenery in Cumberland, the Americans have quite as beautiful, and much more extensive, in several of their Northern and Western States; if on our mountains in Wales and Scotland, they can call attention to the Alleghanies, the White, or even Rocky Mountains; if on Corra Linn and Stonebyers, they have but to mention Niagara, Teutons, and Genessee Falls. From the Mississippi the Thames could be spared without an apparent diminution in the volume of its waters. Iron almost ready for the forge, copper in virgin purity, lead in abundance, gold and silver in unheard of quantities, are all here to be found, while coal, that inestimable source of wealth, can be quarried upon the surface or excavated from the bowels of the earth in sufficient abundance to supply the whole world. With these advantages, what can be the ultimate fate of a great, good, and universally educated people?—unexampled prosperity. In their own hands lies their destiny, and if it be not what I predict the blame can rest only upon their shoulders.

On my route westward, business caused me to

visit Louisville, Kentucky, one of the handsomest cities of the West. From being situated on the Ohio river (an immense tributary of the Mississippi), which is navigable for steam-ships for hundreds of miles from where it debouches into the Father of Waters, and from its course traversing the richest alluvial soil, alike famous for the growth of cereals and the pasturing of cattle, it is not astonishing that prosperity should smile on all the villages and hamlets which in great numbers dot its shores. Of these, the largest is Cincinnati, not unfrequently designated Porkopolis, from its immense trade in hogs, while second in the scale of magnitude and importance may be rated Louisville. Politics, at the period to which I allude, were in a perfect ferment of excitement, such as might be expected in a city which stood upon Confederate soil, and was garrisoned by Union troops. The landowners and old residents were to a man Southern sympathisers, and their hostility to the Northern mercenaries was marked by such bitter hostility that collisions between individuals—yes, even between families—were so frequent that reports of fracas in which

blood was freely spilt were of daily occurrence. Can it then be wondered at that society was all topsy-turvy, that strangers were looked upon with eyes of suspicion, and that the most careful guard had to be kept upon your every word and action? Nevertheless I managed, through the medium of introductions, to obtain an entrée into the highest coteries of the antagonistic classes, an honour that would not have been vouchsafed to any but an Englishman. The feelings of both factions at this date towards my country were to say the least very peculiar; the South looking daily forward with feelings of the utmost anxiety for intervention from across the Atlantic—the Federals dreading with the greatest fear European interference, as such would have been a deathblow to all their hopes of saving their cherished Union from dissolution. Both factions treated my humble self with such respect that a looker-on, unacquainted with the cause, would have concluded without hesitation that I possessed great diplomatic power, and could turn with a wave of my hand or scratch of my pen the tide of English sympathy for or against either party.

The contrast between the representatives of both factions was very great. The invaders were glutted with wealth; the invaded actually suffered from want of the common necessaries of life. The hotels were crowded with new arrivals revelling in luxuries greater than they ever previously enjoyed; the homes of the permanent residents were deserted by fathers and sons, all gone to bear arms for the cause they so dearly cherished. Again, the negro element had undergone a great change. These, heretofore happy, merry, well-fed black representatives of the human family, had become metamorphosed into sullen, revengeful, idle vagabonds, ever anxious to pay off old scores of real or imaginary insults—ever ready to invent charges of disloyalty against any one who attempted to keep them in their place, or who refused to submit to their unjust demands for remuneration for the trifling services all were compelled to accept at their hands.

But as there are exceptions to all rules, many instances of the firmest affection and devotion to old masters and mistresses could be found among the sable population. One of numbers that

came under my observation I will quote. In the hotel where I resided was an extremely well-favoured specimen of a mulatto girl; formerly she had been a slave, now she was free. She came by chance into my room while preparing for dinner. I could not resist the opportunity of asking her a few questions, and thus commenced. "Well, Chloe, how do you like being free?" "No see no good in it, nohow," she responded. "But you can do as you like now?" I replied. "That all very well, suppose I have plenty money, but suppose I get sick, I poor, who pay doctor, who feed me, where you think I get clothes? I'se consider freedom not what it is cracked up to be. Give me the good old times, Nigger want master all the same, as this country want President." From some inquiries I made respecting this girl, I discovered that she and her sister were two of numerous slaves belonging to a highly respectable family, who had stuck to their mistress's fallen circumstances, and actually paid over to her their weekly salaries intact, to prevent their previous owner suffering from restricted means.

CHAPTER II.

Blue Grass Regions of Kentucky and Tennessee—Miseries of Civil War—A Mississippi Steamship—An Awkward Fix—A Northern Spy—A Dangerous Woman—Sail down the Ohio—Evansville—Hospitable Old Gentleman—Luxuriant Field of Indian Corn—Married Ladies—Aristocratic Proclivities—Banks of the Wabash—Management of Horses—Construction of Ferry Boats—An American Charon—Boot-blacking.

AFTER a sojourn of a couple of weeks in Louisville, I resolved to go to the southern portion of the State of Kentucky, and thence on to Nashville, Tennessee, as it was apparent that my desire to start a stock-farm in the vicinity of the Ohio, from the clouded state of the political horizon of the country, would result in failure. But the inelegant expression of "out of the pot into the fire" was in this instance verified. The further I progressed south,

the more bitter and vindictive were the feelings of the hostile parties. Guerillas swarmed in every direction, collisions between the hostile forces had been numerous, and there was security neither for life nor property. So, with regret, I again turned northwards, for I had never seen a country so admirably adapted to the purpose I sought.

Every American has heard of the blue grass regions of Kentucky and Tennessee, for they have been justly lauded far and wide, and previous to the outbreak of the war, it is doubtful if a happier or more contented locality could be found; but at the date of my visit, half the population had deserted it, the weak, old, and destitute alone remaining, while the homesteads, barns, and orchards had undergone the ordeal that for years leaves traces of the presence of a hostile soldiery.

When walking one evening in the neighbourhood of Bowling-green, the heat of the sun and closeness of the atmosphere induced me to leave the road in the hope of obtaining water at a ruined well in the vicinity. Not finding a

drinking-vessel, I applied at a cottage within a few yards for the use of a cup. Although I knocked at the door most energetically, it was some minutes before I obtained an answer to my summons. At length a querulous, sharp, and aged voice demanded my business. On giving my reasons for thus intruding, a bolt was shot inside the door, and I stood before the owner of the domicile. Poor creature, she might have been sixty, but from her dirty, ragged old garments, she looked much more. In her face were stamped both fear and hate. Unwillingly, she produced a shattered piece of crockery. Having satisfied my desire, I returned it to her, apologizing for the trouble I had given. Scarcely had I uttered the words "thank you," when she bent her cold eyes piercingly upon me. At length, she laid her hand upon my arm and earnestly gazed into my face. "You are not a Yank; one of Lincoln's blue coats would not have said that. Is it the blue flag you are for? If so, begone from this, for your life would not be worth the buying; they'd hang you, as they did my Dan, and never ax you a question." After

telling her that I was neither one nor the other, she became more assured in her manner and told, while the big tears rolled down her cheeks, that she was alone, without kith or kin, that Dan, her eldest son, was hanged on that tree, (pointing to a large apple) for being "suspected of being a spy," and that her two surviving boys were with John Morgan, where she hoped they would revenge their brother's death ten-fold. The bitter malignant hate with which the last words were uttered, told me that from such a race forgiveness of the past could never be expected in the North.

In due course I found myself back at Louisville, where I received every attention from my numerous friends, who one and all advised me to visit Illinois, particularly the neighbourhood of Vincennes, as their knowledge of the country informed them that there I was more likely to be able to carry out my intentions.

The sun was about setting, when I embarked on board a large steam-ship, one of those truly floating palaces that ply upon the Mississippi. Never can there have been a more glorious

autumnal evening. The yellow waters of the Ohio looked like a vast sheet of molten gold, while the cottages and farmhouses that dotted its banks stood prominent in outline, and bold in contrast from their snowy whiteness. My fellow-travellers were numerous, and represented every class, the military element being I should say the most numerous. Before getting under way, the Provost-Marshal came on board, accompanied by about a dozen rank and file of the dirtiest and most insolent volunteers I have ever encountered. Baggage and passengers were in rotation surveyed, without apparently any cause for detention having occurred. At length I became the object of their curiosity, and before a question was asked me, a *cordon* of blue-coats cut me off from my fellow-travellers, and entirely prevented all means of escape, supposing such should have been desired.

"Who are you?" was asked by Provost-Marshal.

"An Englishman," I responded.

Hereupon, there occurred a conversation between the military authorities in which all had

a voice, and in which from manner and intonation it would be difficult to decide who was the superior. At length, a great hulking fellow said to his commanding officer.

"That game's played out, that cat won't jump, Cap."

This last speech evidently carried popular opinion against me, and I was again surrounded, while with feelings far from satisfactory I observed that several of the unwashed gang were handling their revolvers in a most playful and apparently innocent manner.

"If you hain't got no papers to prove what you say, you must come along with us, my game chicken."

Now being called a game-chicken is not objectionable, except it be said with an intonation of satire, and the chief of these myrmidons certainly excelled in that description of rhetoric.

Begging the Captain to accompany me to my state-room, not only he, but the whole gang, accepted the invitation. Unfortunately, some moments elapsing before I could lay my

hands on the requisite credentials, each unsuccessful effort in my search confirmed with greater force the supposition of my guards, and I had almost commenced to fear that I should not be granted further delay, when fortunately I discovered my commission as Lieutenant in the —— Regiment of the Line.

It was closely scrutinised by all, every signature was examined, even Her Majesty's at the top.

"Whose is that?" said the Provost-Marshal.

"Only the Queen of England's," I responded.

"You don't say now that's her write?"

"Certainly it is," I replied.

"Well, who would have thought it. Blowed if she don't write just the same as other folks!" exclaimed the gallant officer, adding in an authoritative voice, "Come along my bully boys, he's no butternut, we've catched the wrong pup this time, better luck next hop."

I was not sorry to get rid of my attendants, as they were not only hasty in speech, but,

judging from their manner, equally zealous in action.

A passenger who had been an attentive observer of my late unpleasant situation, and who, I believe, was a Northern spy, for he was dressed in the peculiar garb of the people of Lower Mississippi, while he spoke with a Northern twang, now saluted me. "I guess the boys met their match that time, stranger. Come and take a smile," so went to the bar and had two Bourbon whiskeys straight, *id est*, unadulterated with water.

After gulping down his *quantum*, assuming a serious air, with much pomposity of manner, he vouchsafed me the question, if I thonght the old country would go back on the North, "for if so, just tell them that we'll certain sure chaw them up like a piece of bacon." I reminded him that old hog was very difficult to treat in that manner, and old "Bull" quite beyond the powers of mastication; still his belief in the Great Republic was unshaken.

It was almost dark when we got under way, but still the the walking beam rapidly oscillated and

the immense paddles flew round, the water under bow and in our wake bubbled and hissed, while forward we glided at the rate of twelve or fourteen knots per hour.

After supper, the main saloon was cleared, when dancing commenced, one of the passengers playing on a handsome piano, an instrument that is to be found on board all American first-class vessels.

I never was particularly clever at this species of amusement, my tastes having led me into a different channel of pleasure; but when I observed a really handsome woman disengaged, who, in the return gaze which I received for my stare, expressed an evident wish that I should introduce myself, I mustered up courage, and apologizing in the humblest manner for my intrusion, requested the honour of her hand in a quadrille. I was not disappointed, the fair unknown placing the tip of her fingers on my arm, and soon we obtained a place in the dance that was forming. I was very awkward, my partner very patient. Quadrilles in America are not the same as quadrilles in England. Somehow or other it

appeared to me as if the entire figures had been countermarched, so that I was always in the wrong place or attempting something that should have been left undone, and thus really cut a ridiculous figure. However, I was charmed with my partner. From the saloon we adjourned to the sponsons. The moon, refulgent in its brilliancy, shed a soft and romance-producing light over the landscape, while the motion of the vessel promoted a feeling of lassitude. So, satisfied with each other's company and disinclined for exercise, the hours flew by and all the interruption our interview suffered was my retiring at intervals to obtain a sherry-cobbler for my friend, or something stronger for myself.

Yet my readers will be surprised to learn that this charming woman was a most dangerous one, for when I became sufficiently advanced in her good graces to whisper the most delicate compliments in her willing ear, the tables were suddenly turned upon me by the query, whether I really meant what I stated, for if so, there was but one way to her heart, and that was

by taking up arms in the cause of the South. My apparent disinclination to gratify her wishes terminated our *tête-à-tête*, and the consumer of numerous sherry-cobblers sailed off without even wishing me good night.

The sail down the Ohio river is very charming, for the country speaks of great agricultural wealth. In many parts the woods margin the stream, while the birch, willow, and beech dip their feathery arms into its muddy current. Every bend in the river exposes hamlets and villages, and prominent in each are to be observed school-houses, churches, and mills. How significant are such edifices of the future grandeur of this nation, with free places of instruction, numerous houses of worship to which all are invited, and manufactories where employment is provided for the needy! Who can doubt that ere long the happiest and most enlightened population on the face of the earth will here be found? America is now, particularly the western portion of it, in its infancy; it is like a great overgrown boy, unfinished in education because of his youth, but his present knowledge and promise for the future

justify all in foretelling what a noble man will he become if his life is spared.

Evansville, where I am going to leave the steam-boat, at length is reachd. The loud booming whistle proclaims to persons on shore that they must not delay if they wish to become passengers, and to those on board who have reached their destination that their voyage is finished. In this river-navigation, there is no trouble in landing. The stem of the steamboat is turned up stream and then gradually run on shore, so that you step off the deck on to *terra firma*. Gangways are consequently dispensed with, and all the consequent inconvenience resulting from their use. Thus the crushing, pushing, hauling, certain concomitants of leaving or boarding an English steamer, are entirely done away with.

Carpet-bag in hand, I wandered on shore, and although I had never previously set foot in this charming little Western city, felt as much at home as if I had been an old resident. Soon I found an hotel, quiet and unostentatious externally, but clean and orderly within. On writing my name

in the book which is kept in all such establishments, "London, England," which I usually attached, attracted considerable attention, and it evidently became mooted around that a great traveller had arrived. While enjoying my after-dinner cigar, an old and handsome gentleman approached me, and apologising for his intrusion informed me he was a Londoner, but had left his home over thirty years ago. Soon both were immersed in that most fascinating of conversations, viz., discussing the past and the greatness of the father-land. Time sped on so rapidly that when the supper gong sounded I thought that hours still were due before partaking of that meal, but my newly-formed acquaintance took it as a hint to show me hospitality, so insisted on my visiting him at his residence.

A charming home the old gentleman possessed. The shrubbery, lawn, and grounds that surrounded it were charmingly laid out, while the furniture and interior adornments were sufficient, good, and so tastefully selected as to please the most fastidious. At tea (supper in America) we were joined by the other members of my host's family

and seldom have I met a more gentlemanly lad than the son, or two more charming pretty girls than the daughters. The evening passed most agreeably. Music formed the early portion of the programme, whist the latter, and when the hour for my departure had arrived, to my surprise I found that a bed-room had been already prepared for my reception, and that my baggage had hours previously been transferred from the hotel to its precincts.

Next morning, in the society of this kind old gentleman and his daughters, I was driven through the principal thoroughfares, shown everything worth looking at in the shape of stores, churches, and official edifices, and ultimately transferred to my host's farm, as perfect a homestead as could be desired. The horned cattle and the horses were most deserving of notice, for they possessed the characteristics of good breeding, while all were in the highest condition. Those trees in the orchard that produced late fruit were perfectly loaded with the choicest specimens, and their cultivation had been carried to a perfection that seldom

is equalled, never in my experience excelled.

I was also shown a field of Indian corn that surpassed in its luxuriance all that I had previously been acquainted with. In extent it might have been eighty acres, and judging from appearances would probably produce over sixty bushels to the acre. Each stem was about nine or ten feet high, while many of the cobs exceeded twelve inches in length! Taking the average price of past seasons for a criterion, about five pounds sterling an acre would have been its value; but from the dearth of farm-labourers resulting from the war, and the immense bounties offered for volunteers, my host informed me that he doubted much if he should be able to get his crop gathered. "If not," he added, "my only resource will be to turn in a drove of hogs, the demand for ration pork for the troops being so great that I shall very probably not be a loser."

At a spanking pace we rattled home, for the team were famous trotters, and American horses excel at this pace. The old gentleman evidently took much delight in exhibiting to a stranger how his pets could travel. Still the severity of

the pace did not prevent the charming daughters making a few sly innuendoes about my matrimonial prospects, predicting as a moral certainty that I, as well as all my countrymen, was certain to be hen-pecked if I should link my fate with a Yankee lass. Poor little innocents! I did not think it necessary to inform them that already I was another's property. In fact, I notice that married men under such circumstances seldom do. Is it that, having once taken matrimonial vows, the halo of romance surrounding our lives is withdrawn? This I doubt, for married ladies I have ever found more charming than the unwedded; but this may arise from the fact that the fascinating never are permitted to remain single after they have crossed the gulf that separates child from womanhood.

That evening I went to a party at a neighbouring house. The company was not large, but select, and the politics of all were of a decidedly Southern tendency, two of the gentlemen present having sons who had fled south on the breaking out of hostilities, and now bearing arms in the Confederate service. Would England

interfere or not was a question I was several times asked. It was evident that the inquirers believed that the independence of the South could only be obtained by such intervention.

I have carefully studied the case of both, but decline stating with whom I sympathised. At the same time I add that the arguments used in justification of Secession on this occasion were so forcible that it would require a man of no ordinary merit to confute them. It is a mistake if any one should be carried away with the idea that all Americans are so intensely republican that they prefer for their chief magistrate a man of humble origin to a person of good birth. The well-bred American is as aristocratic in his proclivities as we are, but unfortunately the aristocratic element is in the minority. If it were not so, Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson would have had no more chance of occupying the President's chair than Mr. Odger has of becoming King of England. May our majority long remain on the right side.

The first morning that I awoke in Vincennes was one of those lovely autumnal days peculiar

to America. The sun was bright, the atmosphere of a most agreeable temperature, and both animal and vegetable life appeared as if rejoicing at the prospect of pleasure. The first thing I did, after springing from bed, was to draw aside my window curtains, and what a view greeted me! Beneath flowed the noble Wabash River, even here, so far up its course, equal in breadth to the Thames at Westminster, while its numerous ripples danced and sparkled in a thousand fantastic shapes and colours. On either side of the bed of the stream was a wide margin of yellow sand-bank, on which an eager crowd of various varieties of plovers rushed to and fro in search of their morning meal, while the distant view was closed in by some of the noblest forest trees that for size and beauty it has been my fortune to see. Their colouring was without exaggeration gorgeous, for the season had sufficiently advanced for the night frost to turn the maples scarlet, the Virginian creepers purple, the beeches brown, and the hickories canary colour. On this occasion the operation of dressing was too long, shaving a perfect

nuisance, and lacing my ancle boots a tedious and unprofitable loss of time, for I longed to be in the open air, to be moving about in association with the lovely works of Nature that were so lavishly thrown together on every side. Although it was little past seven a.m. when I gained the porch of the hotel, the streets were far from being deserted; for we know that the Americans are essentially an early-rising people who transact their business duties ere the time of enjoying the mid-day meal.

Directing my steps down to the river, I found there a ferry-boat loaded with waggons and farmers coming with their produce from the State of Illinois to attend the market which was held weekly in Vincennes. All the persons I observed looked as if they were "well-to-do" in the world, if their dress, teams, and waggons could be accepted as a criterion, and there was an air of *bonhomie* about them that at once impressed me with a most favourable opinion of their characters.

As might be expected, a stranger, more particularly one habited in European clothes,

attracted their attention, but there was no rude inquisitive gaze, no assumption of swagger to offend, which the most fastidious stickler at etiquette could find fault with. Leaning on a stake, which had evidently been inserted to fasten the ferry-boat to, when the river was higher than at present, I watched the dis-embarkation. From where the boat grounded was a stiff acclivity, of over forty yards before gaining the elevation on which the lower portion of the town stood. Now this slope was shingly, and of course a severe pull for horses, as the footing was bad, while the wheels of a loaded waggon sunk deep into the yielding surface. Each team in succession landed, and the judicious manner in which the horses were handled, and the total absence of punishment, proved at once, in my estimation, that the people among whom I was about to take up my residence, thoroughly understood horses and gained from them their utmost powers by kindness, and not by brutality.

Vincennes, although in the State of Indiana, is only separated from Illinois by the Wabash. At the time of which I write, there was no

means of crossing this river but by these ferry-boats, if we except the railroad-bridge constructed solely for the passage of trains, or such foot-passengers whose nerves were capable of enabling them to retain their heads while traversing a succession of narrow planks, at an elevation of seventy or eighty feet above the river, with the water flowing perceptibly beneath. The ferry-boats are constructed on a principle with which I had been previously unacquainted. Several hundred yards up the river is sunk an anchor, from which a succession of wire rods, buoyed at intervals on barrels, descend the stream till they reach the scow (a flat bottomed boat like a pontoon), to which the lowest rod is made fast. As soon as this is released from the shore, the current transports it to the centre of the stream. There a false keel is sunk, and the pontoon heads up against the water till the opposite shore is reached.

Having nothing to occupy my time till the breakfast-hour, I made a trip to the opposite State. The Charon was a most chatty, well-informed man, deeply read in politics, and a

Federalist of the most rabid description. If Lee, Jackson, or Jefferson Taylor had fallen into his hands, their fate would have been certain. With an unfortunate want of prudence and forethought, I mentioned to him that I had met Mr. Mason in London. My information was similar to placing a match to a keg of gunpowder, for he fairly exploded with fury at the Washington authorities for surrendering such rebels as Messrs. Mason and Slidell after they had got them into their possession.

"But if such a course on the part of America had produced a war would not it have proved the ruin of the Union you are so anxious to save?" I inquired.

"No, siree," he responded with energy, "we would have whipped the South and the Britishers," adding in parenthesis, "'No affront to you, sir;' and we should have stood before the eyes of the world as we are bound to do, sooner or later, as the greatest people with the greatest country that the sun sets upon."

It may be remarked by the reader that the speech of this man was nothing but braggadocio.

To this I demur, for I am convinced it was his implicit belief, and that he individually would have given his services to accomplish what he so thoroughly believed in. This faith in themselves, so characteristic of the American people, in my opinion is no small cause of their greatness and unprecedented advancement.

The daily expense at the hotel at which I am living is a dollar and a half with no extras, except boot-brushing, yet we have ample meals, composed of dishes too numerous to mention; but there is one thing with which I must find fault, viz., that the *cuisine* is bad. Any ordinary cook in Europe, with the abundant supply of meat, game, vegetables, and fruit here at disposal, would have manufactured much more appetizing meals, but possibly the people in the West know no better, and thus from ignorance become satisfied. Wherever I have gone, the boot-blacking business has been a bone of contention. Americans as a rule do it themselves, Englishmen from habit have a strong objection to this job, and the majority of domestics, or "helps" as they style themselves, particularly if Irish, cannot

bear the idea. From some mysterious reason we therefore find Irish men and women refusing to perform, on one side of the Atlantic, honest domestic or menial services which they are anxious enough to be engaged for on the other, and fancying that they are showing their independence by declaring that blacking boots is a labour dishonourable to all, and much more so if performed for an Englishman! On the other hand, we find another class, the Americans themselves, who scorn domestic employment, and refuse to be termed "servants," voluntarily performing an office which we consider the most menial.

CHAPTER III.

A Sympathising Sportsman—Commercial Community of Vincennes—Remarks on American Politics—A Skelcton in my Elysium—Canine Friendship—A Night in the Farmhouse—A Member of the Common Council of Vincennes—A Day's Sport—American Generosity—Gentlemen Railroad Conductors—Steamboat Clerks and Hotel Book-keepers.

THE hour had at length arrived when I was to meet my new landlord. I found him at the appointed rendezvous in a nice trap, and with as pretty a specimen of harness-horse in front of it as the most fastidious could desire. But we were not destined to start yet. An "eye-opener" must be imbibed first, so we imbibed. While performing this ceremony one friend after the other—all of whom were apparently suffering from cobwebs in their optics—dropped in, and to refuse them to go through the same ceremony,

which they evidently thought would be ineffective if performed alone, would be a breach of etiquette unknown in Indiana.

At length we got seated, and were on a fair way to pursue our course without interruption, when as we passed along one of the streets a German shopkeeper rushed out, and collaring the horse by the headstall, brought us to a stand-still. Business of the utmost importance could only account for a display of such energy and activity. But we were not long kept in doubt. The new-comer, who was called Charlie, having just purchased a lot of splendid old Bourbon, we must descend and have a gargle. Already I had gargled so much that I was commencing to see double, and was congratulating myself that the ribbons were not entrusted to my hands, so fain would have declined, had my friend not got out of the conveyance, and politely, as a matter of course, stood by to assist me to do the same. Into the back portion of a large store we found our way through boxes of pickles, hams, sauces, cheeses, starch, soap, tea, coffee, and sugar, and at length stood in front of a ten-gallon keg which

was set on a rack similar to the way we place beer when tapped for consumption. Tumblers were produced, and the limpid spirit drawn off in quantities that would shock even a wholesale dealer. A dash of water was then added, and knocking each other's glasses together, the whole was swallowed, and the tumblers reversed to show that there were no heel taps. What could I do but as the Romans did? Whiskey in America, in those days, was very cheap. If the same liberality in reference to it still exist—for the heavy tax of two dollars per gallon must now be paid to the government—this promiscuous drinking must be an expensive amusement.

Not in the most fit state to examine a house, or pass a verdict upon the fitness of a neighbourhood for a place of sojourn, without further let or hindrance we escaped from Vincennes, once only coming near a third detention, in the shape of a cow-doctor whose reputation for hospitality in the liquid department was of wide and well-known standing. After crossing the Wabash, we pursued our course along a sandy road running due north and parallel to the river, between

which and our track was a beautiful belting of elm, maple, and sycamore, casually interspersed with birch and sumach, whose graceful limbs occasionally dipped into the rapids with gentle fan-like touch. To our left opened a wide expanse of meadow, variously cultivated, while the distance was backed with a ridge of high ground covered with the primitive forest.

With the feelings of a sportsman, I first looked to one side, and then to the other. With such a river, if it be stocked with fish, and with such a diversified country, if game be abundant, a resident may never be dull, was the thought that floated through my mind. After a drive of half a mile or more, my companion called my attention to a pretty white bungalow-shaped house, situated on a table-land about a hundred feet above the level of the river, and half a mile from its margin. In front of it stood many locust-trees, and other ornamental shrubs, while to its right, along the summit of the spur of high ground, stretched an orchard acres in extent. From the high ground, a beautiful grassy slope descended, on which grew numerous gigantic

butternut and white walnut trees, under whose grateful shade seven or eight well-bred, good-conditioned milch cattle reposed. It was a lovely picture, a place to imagine, seldom to see, and the air of repose and thrift that surrounded all, spoke of peace and plenty.

"What a charming place!" I exclaimed aloud, adding "Is your farm anything like that?"

"Very," answered my companion. "Very similar, in fact that is it."

To reach the house with a conveyance, a detour has to be made, as the ground, except on the north side, is too steep for a convenient approach to be made without expense and labour. Thus we passed along the entire eastern front of the farm before we turned into the avenue. True, this approach was rather primitive, still it was attractive, for clumps of beautiful sycamores and hickories grew at intervals along the fences that enclosed the neighbouring fields.

Animal life, particularly when it is wild, has great attractions for the lover of nature, and to my mind much embellished the picture. As our horse gradually reduced his speed to pick his

way up the acclivity, numerous grey and ground squirrels, alarmed by our approach, scampered along the railings to seek a place of shelter in the nearest tree.

At length the summit was reached, when we entered a large barn-yard, in which pigs, calves, turkeys, fowls, and pigeons were disposed around in the most fantastic groupings, either enjoying the sun's rays, or seeking shelter from it, as fancy or taste dictated. But I should not forget to mention the barn, for it is an immense edifice about seventy feet long, and from thirty to forty high, built of wood, each board horizontally lapping the other, and roofed with shingles, its appearance and air of cleanliness being much increased by the covering it had received of white paint.

Mrs. Kelly, a good-hearted, clever, energetic little Irishwoman, makes her appearance. She lives close by, and is the wife of John Kelly, "section boss" of eight miles of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. To her is entrusted the care and supervision of the dairy and poultry-yard. In fact I doubt very much if her services

here terminate, for there was an air of comfort about this bachelor's residence that informed me could not exist without woman's aid. Now this factotum of a woman, who appeared the essence of neatness and industry, had a *cortége* of attendants, all equally devoted to her service, and valuable they doubtless would have been if any one had attempted to lay a violent hand upon her. What do you suppose they were? Well, no less than five dogs, the principal an immense, handsome, but badly-bred Newfoundland—the others, three English black and tan terriers, and a very good-looking but oversized Skye. Now these canines were not like our home boudoir-bred pets; and although they doubtless killed rats, the racoon, opossum, ground-hog, or even wild cat that fell into their clutches was truly to be pitied.

Tying up the horse to a hitching post, attended by Mrs. Kelly, whose heart I had already gained by telling her that I had several times been in the county she came from in Ireland, and showing some attention to her favourites, we passed through a wicket gate that parted the private

grounds of the house from the farm. Inside everything was neat and trim, and the grass on the lawn, although not as close as is to be found in England, looked exceedingly well. Well, it would be useless to go further into details. I had seen more than enough to satisfy my most ambitious desires. Game I was assured was abundant, fish plentiful, and rent more than reasonable, in fact almost nominal, with the use of milk-cows and poultry included. So a bargain was struck there and then, and I became tenant for a year—longer if I chose.

Before returning to town Mr. Kelly, who had returned from his day's work, dropped in. Here the difference between stations in society is but little marked in the intercourse between persons of different classes. His manner was quiet, self-possessed, and polite, and when he heard I was a great sportsman, a smile illuminated his features that told me at once there was a bond of sympathy between us that would make us staunch allies. With a rich Cork brogue he informed me that at that moment he knew where a buck was lying, where a drove of splendid

turkeys were to be found, and as to wild duck and partridge, I had but to go to the sloughs or river for the former, or beat the edge of the woods or cultivated grounds for the latter.

As the sun was low down in the west, gilding with his glorious rays the many-coloured tree tops, we returned to Vincennes, where we were engaged to spend the evening at the house of one of the principal merchants. That evening passed as similar ones do at home. The society I was thrown into contact with were good representatives of the commercial community, well-educated, clever, shrewd people, who had the good taste to drop shop and all its belongings, as a subject uninteresting to the visitor. However, politics could not be dealt with so summarily. The war and its results again and again would crop out in their conversation, so that in a short time I knew the leanings of each person's feelings; and to my surprise, I found all to be democrats, opposed to the war, the issue of paper money, the heavy system of taxation produced by the *de facto* government, and especially hostile to conscription.

One gentleman, who had until lately been a Member of Congress, spoke most pertinently on the subject; the summary of his remarks being that the country was too big, and consequently divided by too many interests, that the laws that benefited the manufacturers were injurious to the producers, and that the stock and grain growing interests of the West suffered from the railroads being owned by eastern capitalists —we must separate sooner or later, better let it be now while the land is in its infancy.

For the next few days I was very busy. My baggage, dogs, guns, &c., &c., were all at Cincinnati, a distance ef over two hundred miles; but as the line of rail connecting that city with St. Louis passed through Vincennes, I found little difficulty in having all my effects safely forwarded to my present home. Each day added to my previously formed favourable opinion of the spot I had selected, confidently believing I was the luckiest mortal on earth to have secured for a retreat such an elysium. But can anything be made perfect? With all the good that surrounded me, a skeleton would show itself and

one which was of no contemptible magnitude, viz., that fever and ague were so prevalent in this neighbourhood that those who escaped suffering from their powerful influences were the minority, not the majority, of the population, and worse than all there was no cure for the stricken but to submit to long and tedious suffering, or by change of air to gain relief. To the miasma that nightly arose off the low grounds, to exhalations from decayed vegetation, or to a too liberal use of fruit was attributed the production of this epidemic; which is right I cannot say, but I know that no cure has been discovered. True, quinine is found most beneficial, but even drugging your system with it for months, even years, will not restore the sufferer to his pristine strength.

At length my properties arrived. The dogs looked in excellent condition, and most affectionate was their greeting to their old master, whom doubtless they could remember, a year or two back, tramping the golden stubble fields of England at their heels. What space now separated us from the land of our birth, what

experiences had we both gained; were the impressions on the brain of man and beast the same?

What an enjoyable thing it is to recall pleasant memories! This life is one—at least speaking from my own experience—in which storm far exceeds sunshine, in which adverse gales have far outnumbered prosperous breezes. What pleasure is so thorough as taking by the hand one whom you have proved to be a sterling friend, unactuated by selfishness, and bound to you through the ties of pure friendship! Among men such companions are seldom to be found, among dogs frequently; and one of my setters had, from her sterling qualities, long possessed my warmest affection. Although we had only been separated some weeks, her demonstrations of pleasure at again being in my society were unbounded. If I left her for a moment, her plaintive whinings called me back, and as I patted her smooth head and nursed her silken ears, her nut-brown soft eyes gazed into mine such volumes of love and devotion as destroy feelings of loneliness and induce us to

believe that life is worth living for, and that the world is not all bad.

Uncoupling the dogs to give them a run as soon as I had crossed the river (for the poor things had been closely immured in a luggage van during their long journey)—they raced and chased each other like school-boys just released from the master's control. They rushed into the river and lapped the water, swimming at the same time, then shook their coats free from the invigorating moisture, and repeated their mad and headlong gambols.

To save distance in reaching the house, I struck across the meadow instead of going round by the avenue, my setters quartering the enclosure as if game was expected. Grass-land at that hour of the evening did not in my opinion promise much prospect of success, but although frequently right in my conjectures on these subjects, I was in this case wrong, for near the fence where some straggling brush flourished, both the old dogs stood and on my approach up whirred a covey. But the little brown beauties were safe this day. Rejoice in your fortune

and keep away from my beat in future, for the next time we become acquainted, a charge of No. 8 shot may work such destruction upon one of your company as to deprive his family of his good fellowship, and the hill-side of his musical call.

On getting home I found my landlord had brought visitors with him. One, an odd-looking little fellow; the other, tall with a good deal of the soldier in his manner. After tea, which here is invariably called supper, the whiskey bottle was produced and conversation became general and unrestrained. Each possessed a large *répertoire* of anecdote, and few Americans are not gifted with one, so the evening passed away most jovially. At length, cards were produced, and poker, the favourite gambling game, commenced. On the little stranger luck seemed to be settled. He played every deal, and won whenever he played. So he laughed and giggled and chaffed, and drank his grog, till it was a matter of surprise how he had the sense or power to continue in his seat. At length, he got quarrelsome, when he was abruptly shut

up by his big friend, and informed that, if he repeated his impertinent remarks, he should be put to bed. At this, he became indignant, pocketed his winnings, and picking up his hat started for home. Until he had been gone some time, it never occurred to us that in his present inebriated state it was more than probable he would fall through the sleepers of the railroad-bridge, which it was necessary for him to traverse ere he reached Vincennes. But it was too late now to intercept him, so we drew round the stove for a final gossip ere turning in for the night.

At length it became time to retire, when in clearing up the *débris* of the evening and placing the decanters on the side-board, I tripped over a pair of boots. There's nothing very remarkable in this, but when you are informed that they were the property of the gentleman who had so lately left us, it certainly has an air of absurdity about it. In the early part of the evening, from his boots being too tight, he had taken them off, and we were unable to supply him with slippers. He had consequently sat in his stockings. In the haste with which he

had taken his departure this circumstance was forgotten, and thus he started home without those coverings for his feet deemed so necessary in this age of luxury. But I am not finished yet with Henry ——, for next morning my cook, on his way to market, found him sound asleep in a fence corner. Our City conscript fathers may be wonderful in some respects, particularly in their powers of digestion, but I doubt much if they could sleep under a hedge, as did this respected member of the Common Council of Vincennes.

Next day I went out shooting, and although my bag was not as heavy at night as I anticipated, it was not from want of seeing game. Neither myself nor my dogs had settled down, after our travels, to that calm state which is essential to good sport. Another disadvantage, which doubtless operated against me, was my ignorance of the country. Nevertheless, I bagged a wild turkey, three couple of wood-ducks, and a dozen brace of partridges, independent of losing a deer from having light shot in both barrels. As the buck jumped up, about twenty yards in front of me;

of course I could have severely peppered him; but not believing in the killing powers of No. 6 at such a range, although it was just possible I might have succeeded, I refrained from firing. Against needlessly causing a dumb animal pain, I am always preaching to others; that I may always have strength of mind to carry out this doctrine, I sincerely hope.

A visit to town to procure necessaries and inquire after missing baggage, has induced the following reflections upon the people whose hospitality I am about to experience. I am a great admirer of the American people, especially the well-bred ones, for they are generous, hospitable, and sincere, possessed of perseverance, clearness of perception, and great inventive genius. Their magnanimity to the unfortunate is also a noteworthy characteristic. Should a business person fail, if his conduct has met the approval of his creditors, while in pecuniary difficulties he will never be pressed for payment by his creditors, but *au contraire* receive assistance to re-commence his struggles for prosperity. In conversation with several gentlemen who might be

accepted as fair types of the commercial class, the subject of the affairs of a person who through a succession of unsuccessful speculations had to suspend payment, was brought upon the *tapis*. All, with one consent, agreed that it would be very unfair to push their claims at that time, for it would ruin the unfortunate man without giving him a chance of redemption, whereas, if they increased his credit and made him further advances, there was every probability of his extricating himself from the mire and being ultimately able to meet all just demands. This certainly may be objected to by the reader as a solitary instance, and thus not generally applicable; but I can, with full confidence, state that such is not the case, but invariably the rule when the course of the debtor has been honest and straightforward.

According to the English acceptation of the word, the term "gentleman" is seldom suitably applied to the people of the United States; for all, rich and poor, old and young, are more or less engaged in commercial pursuits—even the professional man and farmer dabbling in trade;

yet, though such is the case, how unjust it would be to say that there were no "gentlemen" in the country. In my belief, manners make the man, and the man with manners is a gentleman in the true acceptation of the word.

However, there is a class of people who have a great deal of popularity in the United States, and I do not doubt are considered grand gentlemen both by themselves and many others, whom I should term most thorough snobs. These are (don't laugh) railroad conductors, clerks on steamboats, and book-keepers at hotels. They may all be placed together, for between all there exists so much similarity that, if you mistook the pursuits of one, you would at once guess that it was that of the other. They are generally well-fed, showily-dressed persons, wearing diamond rings, heavy massive watch chains, and imposing studs, who sell their tickets, take their change, or hand you over to the mercies of the porter, as if they were condescending far beneath their position in serving you. In fact, they are exactly such persons as one would wish to buy at his own price and sell at theirs,

when room would be left for an immense margin of profit. In the trains, they affably smile on all the good-looking young ladies, flood them with compliments, and, doubtless, frequently persecute them with their attentions. Having a great deal of power and still more of assurance, it is probably better to submit, as it is only *pro tem.*; but it is not the first time that such rows have resulted from their conduct that fire-arms have been resorted to, and in the use of such weapons they are always proficients.

The steamboat clerk on the other hand struts the decks with far more importance than the captain of the vessel. He introduces himself to all, and unsolicited joins in conversation. To his favourites he gives the best seats at meals, while those who resent his impudence are consigned to a second table, or to indifferent seats. Now or afterwards there is no redress, you must submit *bon gré, mal gré*. If you do not, it is quite possible to find yourself and portmanteau landed at a wooding station, and there left to chew the cud of bitter reflection, to the effect that it would have been far more politic, however dis-

agreeable, to have put up with the confounded fellow's prying curiosity, and reduced the magnitude of your purse by standing as numerous cocktails and mint-juleps as would slake his insatiable thirst.

The hotel book-keeper is only different from the last described, by his sphere of duties. In him there is the same proneness to bully and be uncivil, but the traveller can more easily avoid his society, and thus the evil is not so great. I never could understand how employers do not see that it would be much to their interests to keep these people in their places, but that they will not and do not is a fact that nearly every stranger has cause to regret. It is to the West I more particularly allude in these remarks, for in New York and the other large Atlantic sea-board towns, the incessant intercourse that takes place between them and Europe has wrought a change, which must be a benefit to all the travelling public.

However, to leave a disagreeable subject and get to something no less pleasant to the reader's feelings than to my own. All my effects have at last been found, and they really appear to have

been, judging from the numerous booking labels which are stuck over them, all round the world for sport; so, if nothing unexpected occurs, I intend availing myself of the first opportunity to judge for myself what sort of shooting range I possess, and the amount and variety of game to be found upon it, for, although I have been several times out, my time has been limited, and my mind scarcely free to give undivided attention to sport. Those who fancy that the chase, in any form, is only a kind of dawdling, are in great error. Hunting is hard work, and field-sports are the natural restorative for exhausted mental energies, especially to those persons who are not suited to actual manual labour. The chase is labour, added to a wholesome excitement which leads on the sportsman to unwonted muscular exertion.

CHAPTER IV.

My Neighbours—Episcopalian Clergymen—Affection for the Mother-Country—Model Daughters and Wives—The Curate and the Lawyer—Anomalies in Politics—Prejudices of English Travellers—American Character—American and English Shooting—Sporting Excursion—American Partridges—Characteristic American View—The American Wood-duck.

As I am resolved to remain here for some time, I have expressed a desire to be introduced to some of the principal people that reside in this vicinity. In consequence, my landlord insisted on immediately taking me round to all his acquaintances; and the result is that I have spent a most agreeable day. Our first and second visits were to two clergymen of the Church of England; the one not at present having a parish, and teaching a large class of private pupils, the other being the curate of the district. The instructor of youth I found a most superior person, very

well educated and thoroughly conversant with modern literature. His countenance denotes great intelligence, and his remarks the possession of a large stock of charity and knowledge of the world. Politics he carefully avoided. At the same time I had little difficulty in discovering in which direction his sympathies leant.

The mother-country, which is always a favourite subject for the better classes here to talk about, was spoken of with great veneration and love. Even our good Queen came in for no small amount of praise and admiration from this supporter of a Republican government. I may be wrong, yet it is my impression that all the persons I have met with in America of this type are monarchists at heart. In fact it looks almost an anomaly for it to be supposed otherwise. One remarkable feature in his discourse which forcibly struck me, was his toleration for all other sects and creeds, even those supposed to be antagonistic to his own. He was also thoroughly acquainted with field-sports, and in talking about them would have been taken for a great devotee of the chase; but this would have been an error, for he

neither shot nor hunted. The height of his ambition, he informed me, was to visit England and spend a season wandering through those scenes in our country endeared to all of British extraction through the pages of history.

Before leaving his house, two young ladies, respectively twenty and eighteen, entered the room. They were dressed most becomingly, yet the material of which their clothing was composed was of the cheapest description. These were the daughters of our host, and each had come direct from her household duties to shake hands with papa's old friend, meaning my landlord. The elder had been making pastry, the younger had been performing the duties of chamber-maid, and they were in no way ashamed to acknowledge that the same tasks daily occupied their attention. Yet these girls were exceedingly well-bred, in appearance and manner, possibly rather fragile-looking, but this is a peculiarity that is characteristic of all American ladies. That they would make good wives, especially to those living in a new country, there can be little doubt, their early education being

exactly that which is certain to produce true industrious domestic companions. On my friend's making a remark on the becoming manner in which one of their dresses was made, I discovered that each was her own dress-maker, and further learned that in the West it was the exception, not the rule, to find any portion of a female's apparel that could be made at home sent out for construction.

From the dominie's we went to the curate's. His living was valued at five hundred dollars a year; but presents of every description, from money to fuel, raised it to about double that amount. He was a slight delicate man, very similar in manner and conversation to a great many of his class in England. That his berth was no sinecure was easily seen, and that his heart was in his work was equally apparent. His manse was a comfortable cottage, plainly but well furnished, possessing a great air of repose. Occasional voices from the nursery told that he was blessed with a large family, a peculiarity that all of his profession are notorious for, whether they be in South Africa, England, or America.

The Queen and the mother-country were with him favourite subjects of discourse. The former he praised in the most unmeasured terms, and his wife, who had joined us, exclaimed "I do love Victoria." Truly our most gracious Sovereign is endeared to the hearts of more than her own people.

We next drove to the residence of a leading Union lawyer, a self-made man, and reported to be clever and rich. An admirable type of his class we found him, shrewd, quick-witted, and observant. On every subject he was at home, still his thirst for information was unquenchable. Once he had been a Member of Congress, and the fund of anecdote he possessed of all the celebrities among his compeers was inexhaustible. Americans have great wit of a peculiarly national type, and excel in narrating comic events. I was also introduced to the ladies. They were grandees of no small importance, and constantly regretted being buried in such an out-of-the-way locality. A few years back they had spent two seasons at Washington, where from description they had passed their time in a succession of routs, fêtes, and balls at the

White House. Paris, for a residence, they considered the acme of existence; but is this surprising when it is a stated fact that "all good Americans go to Paris when they die?" In opposition to the school-master's daughters, these ladies were decked out in the most expensive materials, made up in the extreme of French fashion, but free from all vulgarity or want of taste. For a long time I have come to the conclusion that there are no women in the world who understand the business of the toilette better than our fair Transatlantic cousins. When speaking, the rapidity of their enunciation, as well as the high pitch of the voice, is a peculiarity of the great Republic that never fails to attract attention. An invitation to dinner or tea, or both, to take up my residence with them for a week or more, was pressed upon me by these hospitable people, and in repeating this I feel perfect confidence in saying that these courtesies were not meaningless, but thoroughly sincere.

From here we crossed the street to the home of an equally prominent person, one who represented the democratic element. In fact,

report whispered that he was a rank Secessionist. Whether or not, he was no less a gentleman, remarkable alike for his polished manners and urbanity. Europe he knew from end to end. India, China, and Africa he had also sojourned in, so was capable of offering an opinion on the respective merits of different countries. The existing administration he greatly blamed, in fact pronounced them to be the instigators of the war. He believed in the right of secession, but condemned the impropriety of it; and finally wound up with the statement that no government afforded the same protection to life and property as a limited monarchy. A Democrat giving utterance to such expressions must appear strange, at least I have thought so, but such anomalies in politics are here so common that I have ceased to wonder at them. After a pause our host quoted a passage from De Tocqueville. "The tyranny of the masses is the greatest tyranny of all." "No man," said he, "ever penned truer lines than that author when he inscribed them, and it will be so to the end of time (although such men as Horace Greeley and Gor-

don Bennett are allowed to agitate and lie to the ignorant and untravelled, who invariably preponderate in numbers, through the medium of their unprincipled newspapers). Another point of importance is that we want age; like good wine, we will doubtless be improved by it:"— and so thought I. Pressing invitations to remain to dine and sleep followed, but having made other arrangements these were declined.

On this and another day we made a tour of visits to the commercial community, and the result was eminently satisfactory. The proverbial hospitality of the old type of West Indian planter could never have exceeded what I experienced from these good-hearted people of the West. Too often Englishmen go abroad with the prejudice that no land is to be found like their own, no people equal in intelligence to their countrymen. They have been born and reared in this belief, so that, even if they wish it, they find it almost impossible to get rid of an idea which is not only unjust, but likely to seriously militate against their pleasure when abroad, for in their mind they meet the stranger on toler-

ance, not on terms of equality. An assumption of superiority is always a dangerous course, particularly if the person towards whom it is manifested is your equal in every respect, and that the Americans as a people are inferior to none I have no fear to state. In many points, particularly manners and etiquette, they differ from us, but because such is the case are we to sit in judgment upon them and pronounce vulgar certain peculiarities which are new to us? The equal for ignorance to our *bonâ fide* chaw-bacon you cannot find on the Western continent. The costermonger of the lowest class we possess has not yet found his way there. Persons who cannot read and write are numerous among us, *vide* a ledger of any regiment in our service. Yet in all my wanderings in the Transatlantic republic, I have only on one or two occasions met a born American who was thus unlettered. The desperate, reckless persons who are to be found on the verges of civilization, and who retire there to escape the power of the law, are generally foreigners. The fearful crimes they commit are heralded in sensation sheets, the editors of which are most frequently aliens, so

that they purposely leave out mention of the ruffian's nationality. Few of my countrymen will agree with me in what I state, many will call me partial; but to all I would say, travel as much as I have among our Transatlantic cousins, determined to throw prejudice to the winds, and resolved to judge for yourself, and if on your return you are not changed, I shall be much disappointed.

Although I have now been here some time, and killed quite a variety of game, little has been said on the subject, for the reason that I have not felt competent to offer an opinion (much less express one that might lead persons to come thus far with the hope of sport), which, from jumping at too hasty a conclusion on my part, might lead to disappointment. Moreover, from not knowing the country, and to a certain extent being ignorant of the habits of game in this locality, it would be doing an injustice to the neighbourhood, if my success had not come up to my expectations, to condemn it before a thorough trial. As it is with the gun, so it is with fly-fishing, the person who knows his water

has such an advantage that he can kill fish when the equally skilful angler, unacquainted with the neighbourhood, would leave the stream in disgust.

What marks most prominently the difference between American and English shooting is the greater variety of game that is found across the Atlantic on the same range. On the moors in Scotland, occasionally a hare, a snipe or two, possibly a wild duck, are picked up by the sportsman in his day's labour at grouse shooting. In England, the bag is seldom replenished with other game than partridges, pheasants, and hares—but in the far West your choice is endless. So the lover of mixed bags, the obtaining of which adds more than aught I know of to the pleasure of field-sports, can have his taste gratified most thoroughly.

If the reader will kindly bear with my society and accept me as his companion, I will take him over my range, and while so doing introduce him to the numerous species and genera that fortune almost daily throws in my way. Leaving the back portion of the farm-yard, a lane runs almost due east, the fences that enclose it have arable land on either side, the field to the left is a

barley stubble, that to the right equally divided between Indian corn and buckwheat. Each of these enclosures is upwards of forty acres, and their western limits edge upon the original forest, well-fringed with brush and scrub towards the opening. The Autumn having been very warm and dry there is little use in beating the barley stubble, as it affords little or no cover, and the hour, ten a.m., is too late for American partridge to be on the feed. Therefore, we will cross the fence to the right, and learn if the setters can discover any quadruped or bird worthy of our attention.

The field we are now in has always been a favourite of mine, and quite the reverse with its owner, for it is more suited to my pursuits than his. It is rough and undulating, traversed in several places by narrow ravines, through which trickle small rills of water, densely fringed with tangled brush. My dogs know this ground well. At permission to go off, they start at racing pace, with heads up and tails down. Never have they previously been unsuccessful in their efforts here to find game, so they commence their labours with confidence of success. Still my companion must

not think that I pay this field a daily visit, quite the reverse, for, from its being within a quarter of a mile of my residence, it is kept as a reserve only to be shot over when the weather is bad or I am accompanied by friends who object to fatigue.

As we pass on, from the back of a boulder covered with a nest of briers and creepers, up jumps a hare. Ere thirty yards of distance separate us, a charge of No. 7 shot causes him to turn a somersault. Examine it carefully, stranger. It is a pretty little animal, smaller than its English prototype, but a fac-simile in form and colour. Having bagged bunny, the brace of dogs recommence ranging. In a few moments, Beau, by his manner, evinces that he has winded game. Both setters carefully advance, stop, are drawn on a few paces further, and ultimately stand stiff and rigid. A careful inspection of the ground discloses nothing. Still from the confident manner evinced by the dogs, it cannot be possible that this is a false alarm. American partridge lie close, but patience meets its reward, for almost from among our feet spring a dozen or more birds, making as great

a disturbance with their wings as a dozen old cock-pheasants would late in the season. By being quick, but not hurried, each barrel brings down a victim, while the remainder of the covey scatter themselves over a considerable space and drop in some brushwood after a flight of two hundred yards.

On examination of our game, which one of the setters has retrieved, it will be found about the size of an English woodcock, of a dark nut-brown plumage, in places almost becoming rufous, while each side of the head is distinctly marked with a longitudinal white bar. Of all game with which I am acquainted, and there are very few varieties I have not shot, this American partridge, for beauty and purposes of field-sports, excels all. Further on another covey is found, and when the upper fence is gained I bring my companion to a halt, that he may the better observe some deep indentations in the soil. What is peculiar in them is naturally asked if he be a tyro. Nothing more than that it is the track made by several deer who have passed along here later than last night. Yes, this is a grand

stand for the antlered gentry, for in their change of quarters they invariably select this route for the line of march, and from the back of that tree I have on several occasions fired successful shots.

Entering the woods, we are amused by the number and antics of squirrels which dart here and there, or slyly peer down upon us from behind branches or the recesses of cracks in the stems and bark. To a rifleman they afford much sport. The Americans are very partial to this amusement; to pursue it successfully requires patience, skill, and cunning. But ere we leave the woods, which are about half a mile wide, indications, if not the animals *in propriâ personâ*, are seen, which tell as plainly as possible that wild turkeys and possibly woodcock have lately visited the locality.

At length we reach the highest point of this wooded table-land, from which gazing westward a scene as different as it is possible to imagine from what we formerly looked on stretches before us. The commencement of the Grand Prairie! This view is peculiarly American. It is as characteristic of that country as quaint old ivy-clad churches and farm-houses are of England, heather-

clad mountains to Scotland, brown bogs to Ireland, or paddy-fields to China. Many and many a writer, with superior gifts to myself, has undertaken the task of describing these seas of grass, so like the ocean in their expanse and magnitude, but I doubt if the most skilful word-manipulator could do the subject justice, or convey to the mind of those whose eyes have never been greeted with a view of these savannahs, anything approaching a correct conception of them.

Down the slope before us the trees gradually diminish in number and size, while their characteristics undergo a complete metamorphosis; for, instead of being straight and graceful as those we have heretofore passed, now they are gnarled and crooked, caused by their being exposed to the biting blasts of the north-west wind which sweeps over these flats with unrestricted fury during the greater portion of the Winter season. Traversing the declivity that lies between us and the prairie, we find ourselves suddenly on the margin of a pond about a hundred and fifty yards wide and a mile long. One side of it is edged with wood, the other with tall, rank grasses. On its bosom, nu-

merous flocks of different varieties of wild-fowl float in conscious security, prominent among which may be observed the handsomest (if we except the mandarin duck of China) of all aquatic fowls, the American wood-duck. If desirous of adding some wild-fowl to our bag, all that is necessary to guarantee success is for my companion to remain where he is till I have time to make a detour and come out upon the further end of the water, when, by walking towards each other, the disturbed birds, which always follow the course of the water, will in their up and down course present so many easy shots that it will be our fault alone if we fail in success.

However, leaving the broad-bills to enjoy their ease, we push out on the plains in search of prairie-hens. After traversing half a mile or more through vegetation that is almost as tall as ourselves, the ground becomes more firm and the grass shorter. At length we reach a trifling elevation, slight, it is true, still sufficiently high to be free from damp, when the verdure undergoes a complete change, becoming short, crisp, but bunchy, with an occasional dwarf persimmon bush

creeping through its surface. After the dogs are uncoupled we are not long kept in suspense. Ten minutes ranging rewards their efforts with a find, a single bird is flushed, still another and another, all within fair shooting distance, so that the fault is ours if we let them go. At length two or three dozen rise together, and, with the exception of those unfortunates whose career has been stopped by our fire, with strong and energetic flight disappear in the distance. It is no use trying to mark them, a month or two earlier in the season that was possible, but now probably a mile will be placed between them and their pursuers ere they think of alighting. But there is no reason why we should not continue our search, for there are more birds to be found. So onward we tramp, picking up stragglers and again finding a fresh pack.

In directing our steps homewards we margin slough covered with aquatic weeds. Wild duck rise right and left, the green-headed mallard being the most numerous and conspicuous. But I must call a halt for a moment. "Friend! observe this place, I have reason to remember

it, for here I performed what I am very unlikely to do again. A short time since when shooting prairie-chickens, my setters drew and stood almost on the edge of those tall rushes. I had No. 6 shot in my gun, so was unprepared for anything larger than duck, or what I was in pursuit of. In fact it never entered my mind that I was not walking up to a set at prairie fowls. But I was wrong, for almost under my dogs' noses up jumped a doe and fawn. Twenty yards at the most severed us, and I had the success to tumble over both, as if their end had been accomplished with the aid of ball or buck-shot.!"

As evening is approaching we push homewards, some very wet land having to be traversed. The light is still sufficiently good for shooting, and so we prove, as snipe after snipe gets his coat dusted in return for the impudent good-bye he calls out, as he starts for fresh boring ground. At length we reach the homestead as the increasing darkness commences to obliterate the shadow, and we are in a fit state to enjoy our dinner and the *otium* that succeeds. If

such be not the case, I fear there must be something radically wrong in our state of health.

However, shooting every day is not without its drawbacks, and I was commencing to get tired of constant repetition of the programme of my time when I was honoured with a visitor whose society I much enjoyed. From our belonging to both the same profession and nationality we had much in common to discuss, and several days during which I induced him to remain with me were, in my estimation, too short for the term of his visit. He was a good fellow, but very affected, and his reminiscences of the past, with his thoughts upon them, were highly amusing. The narration of why he came to America, told the night before he left, when his tongue was loosened with good cheer, I endeavour to give in as nearly as possible his own words.

CHAPTER V.

Adventures of a Man about Town—Visit to the Theatre—Pierced by Cupid's Dart—"Dundee" Year—Rejoin my Regiment—Worried by the Colonel—An Unpropitious Review—A Steeple-chase—Second Honours—Amateur Theatricals—Sell Out—Unexpected Dénouement—My Charmer's Flight with a Dentist—Sail for America—A Storm—Captured by an American Man-of-war.

"LONDON was never so attractive before—for why? I had been on active service in China for some time, and on my return found a larger balance at my bankers than I had ever previously owned, and say what you will the possession of money does make people feel comfortable.

"At a certain hotel near Waterloo Place, where I put up the second night after my arrival, two old and esteemed friends, companions I had served with in the Crimea, visited me, and when a bottle of Amontillado had been discussed, we

determined to sally forth and see the lions.

"Where to go was for some time an undecided point, at length a West-end theatre, where an oriental burlesque in all the gorgeousness of eastern costumes occupied the boards, was decided upon.

"When we arrived at the door, the hour for admission by half-price had arrived, and the crowd that thronged the entrance told forcibly that the burlesque, which was the after-piece, was undoubtedly most attractive. With a due attention to give-and-take courtesy and forbearance we gained the pit, and a small douceur obtained us excellent seats. What was first played does not matter, for it scarcely bears upon my after-narrative; but the speciality of the evening duly came. The curtain rose to the strains of a barbaric Mussulman march, and troops of ballet-girls in suitable costume filed in through the wings.

"The majority were pretty, some eminently so, but all were eclipsed when one of the principal characters made her entrance. She was a blonde, fair as fair could be, possessed of a

lovely complexion, with a wealth of golden hair that must have favourably compared with Jason's golden fleece; and when she sung, her voice, though neither powerful nor of much compass, possessed such sweetness, such perfect melody, that I heeded no one else, but actually devoured her with my eyes.

"But such trances cannot last for ever. The curtain fell, the surging crowd eagerly turned to the doors, the lights were turned down, and, wrapped up in thought, I sought the open air.

"That night, when I retired to my room, I studied over every plan, every artifice that my brain could fabricate, how I could obtain an introduction to the fair cantatrice. A letter! one in which all my feelings were strongly expressed, appeared the most promising course. Then and there I sat down, wrote, and had it posted to the theatre. I breakfasted late next day, dawdled through the entire forenoon, fabricated excuses for not going out—but no reply came.

"Next evening I was again in the theatre. Assiduously I sat throughout the whole performance, and returned home to indite another epistle

more deeply stricken with Cupid's arrow. A week passed, and notwithstanding many subsequent letters, the same silence was observed, but I was not discouraged. Of one thing I could not be deprived, viz., the sight of my charmer, so long as I paid for admission to the performance. But a brilliant thought now struck me. She must enter and leave the theatre nightly by the stage-door. Why not station myself there, watch for an opportunity, introduce myself, and plead, if for nothing more, at least for one interview?

"The performance was finished. In a back-street, screened as much as possible by the most available piece of shadow, I stood, although on the alert, as still and motionless as a sentry guarding a most important post. Men and women poured forth. Some had friends, some were without. At length my heart beat strong, the figure, the foot and ankle, the walk, all are the same. 'It must be she,' I inwardly exclaimed, as a lady, unaccompanied, muffled around the throat, passed me. In a moment or two I was at her heels, only a few steps more would bring me to her side! But for the first time in my life

I felt diffident, hesitated over what I had to say, in fact shirked the very happiness I had taken so much trouble to obtain.

"But still I followed behind, now walking faster, now slower, at one moment determined to make myself known, the next avoiding the ordeal. Trafalgar Square was gained, St. Martin's Church passed. The object of my adoration floated on before me. I say floated, for she walked like a Cadiz Señorita, and never did one of them possess greater grace. The gas-light glittered upon and exposed the end of a large curl which fell over her shoulders. The curl or the foot, I know not which, perhaps both combined, recalled with redoubled strength my earlier determinations. Already I had accelerated my pace, so as to be by her side in a few moments more, when a person dressed as a gentleman, who was coming in the reverse direction, halted. On passing her, he turned round and obviously wished to force her to accept his society. Faster and slower she walked in rotation, but her would-be cavalier suited his pace to hers.

"At length she appeared indignant, angry at

the intrusion, and in few but emphatic words ordered him to go; but as it was evident such was not his intention, she concluded by informing him if he further persisted that she would call the police. On these words I formed my decision. In an instant I was alongside, and offering the lady my arm, volunteered to see her home, at the same time guaranteeing her from further molestation; but the latter was unnecessary, her persecutor had gone—and we were alone.

"The tips of her gloved fingers rested on my arm. The only words uttered were thanks for my kindness. For the life of me I could not speak. My silence seemed infectious, and we walked on together without exchanging a single syllable.

"At length the vicinity of Oxford Street was reached. We stopped before a private door, where she offered her hand, and said good night. I took it, but before relinquishing it begged for an interview, a meeting of only a few minutes. That was peremptorily pronounced impossible, and I soon after stood alone upon the now almost deserted thoroughfare, with the sound of the door-knocker ringing in my ears as unpleasantly

as in those of the unfortunate culprit the echoes of the hammer that he knows is to be used in erecting the scaffold on which he is to die.

"That night I never slept; until day-break I turned and tossed about. I fabricated all kinds of plans for the future, saw hundreds of available means for further pushing my acquaintance. And through all, over all, hovered a fair-haired, blue-eyed, bright-complexioned woman, arrayed in such garments as painters generally represent angels draped in. At day-break this guardian seemed to smile on me, and I fell asleep and dreamed of my inamorata.

"At a late hour I awoke, feverish, unrested. I felt disinclined for breakfast, and lounged about my room. These symptoms were so unusual that, after all I had heard, combined with my own ideas, I concluded that I was far gone in love.

"On two occasions after, I watched the stage-door. The fair one came out, bowed coldly and passed on. In her face was an expression that, plainly as words, said, 'Do not presume on my helplessness.' More accustomed to kicking about the world and seeing hard service than idling

in a lady's boudoir, I had not learned to construe 'no' into 'yes,' so the object of my affections went her way, I mine, certainly not rejoicing.

"There are none without their weak points; more are fools about affairs of the heart than aught else. My disappointment and attachment caused me to become reckless, and gambling afforded me more excitement than any amusement. It was the year of Dundee's memorable break-down. Those friends who were posted about horse matters, assured me he must win, that the Derby was a certainty. I took their advice, backed him for all the surplus funds I commanded, and stood to win a pot or lose heavily. And indeed the public evidently thought as my friends did. Day by day Dundee rose in their estimation. This made me feel confident, and almost thoughtless of the result.

"In the meantime I joined my corps. My brother-officers, with one exception, gave me the kindest welcome, but the colonel kept constantly worrying me, and I was irritable and fractious.

"I could never imagine the origin of his persecutions, unless it were that on one occasion, while attending divine service with the men, I incon-

siderately caricatured him on the fly-leaf of my prayer-book, which somehow or other fell into his hands. On another occasion he caught me laughing in the ranks during a review. The regiments composing the garrison were brigaded for a grand field-day on the occasion. Every moment the General was expected. We stood at ease for some minutes. Now our colonel was, I believe, the worst horseman I ever saw, and that is saying a good deal, for not only had he a bad and most uncertain seat, and an awkward figure, entirely unsuited to equitation, but moreover such timidity on horseback that in every movement of his mount's ears, in every toss of its head, he saw the prediction of some fearful act of vice.

"His charger was just such an animal as such a man might be expected to possess, a creature that mostly resembled what might be expected from a cross between a Suffolk Punch and a Kerry cow.

"The day was warm, Rosinante was tired. A few yards in front of me he stood. First he made a paw with his forefoot, gradually afterwards bent his knees, went down upon them, then over on his side, just at the moment when the General,

accompanied by his staff, rode on the ground, and all the other corps except my own were presenting arms. And why did we not follow suit? Our chief was too discomposed to remember the necessary word of command, and all, even rank and file, were too convulsed with laughter to attend to it, even supposing it had been given, while unfortunately I was detected trying to smother my risible faculties, and afterwards was a marked man.

"But it matters little what was the cause, my orderly reports were invariably found fault with, and my defaulters' book brought me into constant difficulties. So I began to think that nothing was left for me but to sell out or exchange. The latter alternative was far from agreeable, as I was almost senior subaltern, when an occurrence took place that altered the whole current of my after-life.

"On the coming of age of the son of a wealthy landed proprietor who resided a few miles off, there were to be grand doings, among others flat races, also a steeple-chase open for all gentlemen riders. Private theatricals were to follow afterwards, and the entertainments were to wind

up with a ball. Fond of amusement and glad to be invited, I entered my horse for the steeple-chase, and in the theatricals I was to figure in a light comedy part. Numerous rehearsals took place in the meantime, the female parts being read. The ladies who were to perform with us were professionals, but there was only one person on the stage I cared about, none could occupy in my feelings her place, so I did not choose or did not care to inquire the names of those who were to assist us on the mimic boards.

"Time will fly past, even a Winter night on a sick-bed; and at length the morning of the eventful day broke auspicious and bright. On the early races I won a few pounds, and drank in the intervals an abundance of champagne. The saddling bell for the great event rung, all was bustle and excitement, and soon after many of those who had been dressed in quiet-looking overcoats appeared in all the brilliancy of jockey costumes. A carriage now drove on the ground, its occupants I could not see, but they evidently belonged to the gentler sex.

"It is bosh to deny it, but all of us are more or

less conceited. So soon after I was in the saddle, and with the double purpose of gratifying my curiosity and showing off, I rode along the course, past the winning post, wishing it to be believed that this was done to render my horse, which was invariably restive, more subdued, but in reality to have a good look at the new comers.

"To do so I turned round when sufficiently close, only a few yards intervening between me and the objects of my curiosity. With a careless ease I raised my eyes; I felt my colour go and come, it was no other than the heroine of the burlesque, the idol of my fancy, the subject of my dreams. I could not be mistaken—the face, the hair, the mouth, were the same. Just think of a big sun-burnt weather-beaten fellow like me being spoony! By Jove, then! I was far harder hit than ever I had been in my days of calfdom.

"I daresay most of us have experienced that all-overish feeling, a kind of indistinct uncertainty whether we are standing on our head or our heels, a nervousness that makes us do the reverse of what we ought—such I felt on this occasion. But when the starting bell rung I had braced

myself together, had determined to win if possible, and thus gain her notice. If the hedges had been *chevaux de frise*, the banks parapets, the hurdles palisades, and the ditches canals—I would have faced them rather than have evinced timidity before the object of my worship.

"A false start with a fractious horse is always a bore, half-a-dozen of them a confounded nuisance. So many took place that my high-strung mount was white with perspiration, and had more taken out of him than if he had gone a mile over the heaviest fallow. At length the flag fell, the ruck got away in more straggling order than was desirable, but still we were off, and those who had a bad place were obliged to make the best of it.

"Amateur jockeys, particularly those of limited experience, invariably commit the error of making running too soon; like nervous shots, they lose the prize by being in too great a hurry to obtain it. I knew this well, and hoped by not being guilty of such want of judgment I might be successful; so I rode a waiting race. The fences for the first mile and a half were insignificant,

but the ground was heavy, such as would take plenty out of your horse if ridden with a slack rein, as to my gratification many of my adversaries' horses were. At length we were drawing to an ugly artificial ditch, the approach to which made it worse than it really was, and all the leading nags refused it. The example was infectious, and my mount did likewise. Two or three times I ran him at it, but balk he would in spite of whip and spur. Something desperate had to be done, so as my horse wheeled from the leap I backed him into it; it was a dangerous performance. A struggle ensued, which brought all his four feet into the grip, but he managed to clamber out of it on the right side, unattended, and at little over a three quarter pace I pushed for home. That I was destined to win I had no doubt, for only one fence remained, and it was far from formidable. To my astonishment and vexation the brute refused, yes, actually refused at the very point where all eyes were centred upon me, where I desired to show off and create the most favourable impression! In the delay that ensued a second claimant for honours came up. Without an effort his nag took

the fence in his stride. The lead gave my animal confidence, but I could not recover the lost ground, so had to be satisfied with second honours and the pleasure of hearing those who backed me attribute my loss to bad riding. As I returned from scaling, I had the further disappointment of seeing the carriage containing the fair lady on whom my entire interest devolved, driving off the ground without my being rewarded by the smile which I thought I had earned, or possibly the introduction which I had determined to seek.

"Half an hour before the theatricals commenced, all the candidates for dramatic honours had assembled in the temporary green-room, habited in the respective costumes they were about to wear.

"Here our host introduced us to the heroine of the burlesque, who to my immense delight was to play the juvenile part, in fact to take the character to which I was to make love, a performance I flattered myself I could carry out satisfactorily to the audience and excessively so to myself. The intervening moments till the curtain went up passed rapidly. I felt I

had already made a favourable impression, and with it desired even greater success.

"At length time was up. 'The Porter's Knot' was our drama. The lady was Alice; your humble servant Augustus. The first act was well over; but in the second, where I return from sea, after having been supposed to be lost, when I made my entrance from the wing, my feelings so overcame me, very possibly at the prospect of the kiss or embrace that was to ensue, that I forgot myself, and feeling embarrassed by my pilot-jacket, which I carried over my arm, I threw it on the top of the temporary float-light. In a moment it was on fire, and doubtless might have caused serious results, but that the lady—the fair Alice—stepped to the front of the stage to remove it; but this movement put me out, for when I rushed forward with the impetuosity so characteristic of youthful lovers and of friends who have long been separated, the object of my affection was gone, and I stood in the centre of the stage not knowing what to do or say, embarrassed in the extreme—the perfect personification of a donkey.

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"But in spite of the laughter this *contretemps* caused, after some minutes and considerable exertion I recovered my equanimity, and the drama again proceeded swimmingly. While Samson Burr and Mrs. Burr were having an interesting colloquy, I and Alice stood beside one of the wings up the stage, which in an unfortunate moment I leaned against, and the whole fabric came down with a crash, not only burying myself and lady-love in the ruins, but almost smothering the old woman and her temporary spouse.

"In a moment all was uproar. The spectators were convulsed with laughter, and while struggling to disengage myself, for I was almost as much smothered as if in a tent that had collapsed in a gale of wind, I heard several unfeeling persons mention my name, others propose an *encore*, and a third party ironically calling me before the curtain, for having been the author of such a comic and effective climax.

"It is needless to say that I did not come forth to receive the proposed honours, but anathematised the unfortunate luck that had placed me in such an absurd position in the eyes of one whom I

wished to believe me as near perfection as the sterner sex are ever permitted to attain.

"Soon after, I found the professionals were not going to remain, business requiring an immediate return to town. Already I knew I should be chaffed most frightfully, and that with the object of my adoration's departure I should cease to enjoy myself, so I fabricated to my host a quantity of excuses about urgent business, indisposition &c., &c., and midnight found me at the neighbouring railroad station, waiting for the train to town by which I knew the fair entrancer would travel. As the train was heard snorting in the distance, up drove the carriage that contained the ladies, and immediately all was bustle and confusion, the porters rushing backwards and forwards for the baggage. At length the door was closed with a bang by the guard, and to my inexpressible relief I found myself seated in the well-padded roomy first-class carriage, with the possessor of the golden locks and blue eyes next me. If I burned before, the hour and a half to town cooked me, for never was unfortunate moth so badly singed, or in a more helpless condition.

"That night I proposed, and was accepted—for

why? I wouldn't take "no" for an answer, and I was as happy as the 'big sun-flower that nods and bends in the breezes.' However, what between the steeple-chase and the Derby, my bliss was woefully interfered with, for I had not only lost all ready money, but was lamentably in debt.

"A rub from the Colonel about an unpaid bill induced me to come to the rash decision of selling out. I therefore sent in my papers, rushed up to town (for I had obtained leave till my name should appear in the Gazette), and never stopped till my lady-love's retreat was reached. She had once spoken of the dangers of my profession, in which people's heads were knocked off without their knowing it, or legs and arms amputated in the most hurried and uncourteous manner. She never could be happy, she said, when I was away from her side; so I had no doubt the step I had taken would afford her immense pleasure. But no, women are difficult creatures to understand. Anything but a gratified expression suffused her face as I imparted the news, and when in the coolest manner she asked me how I intended living and keeping a wife afterwards, the question sug-

gested what I had previously never thought of, and at the same time I considered it decidedly a very business-like manner of looking at the future —one that spoke more of selfishness than love.

"From that date my love affair did not prosper. I became desperate and dissipated, but at length a climax took place. My lady I met walking home on a stranger's arm. I requested an introduction to the unknown, when the latter said the pleasure would not be reciprocal. So I very quietly told him he was a blackguard—a circumstance that did not at all appear to distress him—and with a manner so formal that it must have humiliated the most unimpressible, I bowed my farewell.

"Two days afterwards, when the curtain rose at a west-end theatre, one of the company who played a leading *rôle* was absent. The manager stamped and swore, but when he was told report said she had eloped, it was feared he would go out of his mind. The fortunate man, the winner of such beauty and perfection, was—a dentist! Ever since I have had a particular objection to that profession. Even to this day

I am under the impression that a *ci-devant* military man is preferable to the stopper of decayed and the fabricator of artificial teeth.

"The 'Trent' affair had now taken place some months; Mr. Mason, the Confederate Commissioner, was established in Piccadilly. The spirit that actuates the war-horse when he scents the battle afar, affected me, and I determined to visit that gentleman, to inquire what were the prospects and inducements he could hold out to a young man low in funds, possessed of a good stock of assurance, and not without experience in the art of war. Two weeks afterwards a blockade-runner, bound for Halifax, in magnitude about the size of a canal-boat, in strength about the consistency of a match-box, was bearing me to the American Continent. After the usual hair-breadth escapes from gales of wind, and from suspicious craft, with which we came into close contiguity, we found ourselves fifty miles off Charleston Harbour as the sun set behind the western horizon, leaving the night to shroud us in with the wildest thundery sky overhead that assuredly I had ever seen. The wind

rose and fell in fitful gusts, the thermometer rapidly descended, and the irregular tumbling sea, that momentarily was becoming more disturbed, indicated a gale of more than ordinary severity. Under a full head of steam about midnight our stem was pointed for port, the paddles revolved with previously unexperienced velocity, the sea frequently made a breach over us on the deck, while between the scuppers the confined water surged violently, and disorder reigned paramount. From the bridge I sought the deck, which in turn I deserted for the saloon, but no rest was to be obtained, and the ship's officers were too much engaged to be drawn into conversation. Monosyllabic answers were all that were vouched to any inquiries, and not always those.

"In another hour day must break, and with it all hoped to be through the blockading squadron. Our lights were consequently extinguished, the better to hide our position, and to conceal our approach as long as possible.

"On we rushed through the dark and tempestuous sea, each wave appearing fraught

with destruction. Our cockle-shell of a vessel seethed and groaned at her rough treatment, when full in our course towered a great looming dark hulk. A moment later we must have been into her, but our obedient little craft answered without hesitation to her helm, and we passed, without collision, under the stern of the frowning powerful giant. But we had been observed, and a dozen voices hailed us, without receiving an answer. Several shots were fired, one of which disabled us; so we all became prisoners, to be turned adrift after a short detention at Fort Monro.

"As I had to give my parole of honour, before being released, not to serve against the United States in the present war, the Confederacy was sealed against my service. But as I was across the Atlantic, I deemed it a duty I owed to myself to see the country before my return to England; so here I am, killing time and fulfilling my purpose. For I have an aged aunt who won't die, in fact, increases rather than diminishes in strength each succeeding year, upon whose demise I come in for a fair annual income. Until that takes place, by Jove! I

have not enough tin to keep me in kid-gloves and cigars. That mine is a deuced hard case you must acknowledge, as America is too much the country of self-made men to suit my book. Shooting and hunting fellows may get along here deuced well, but they are scarcely in my line. A stroll during the season in the Row—Piccadilly—or even a saunter through the Burlington—is more to my taste."

I agreed with my guest that to live happily in the Western States one must give and take with the rough but kindly inhabitants, and that this is not quite the country for a London *flâneur*. He seemed to reflect on this, and proposod starting eastward the next day, to facilitate which I accompanied him to Vincennes and there bade him a hearty farewell. I relate this episode to show my readers the kind of man quite unsuited to "Prairie Farms and Prairie Folk."

CHAPTER VI.

Strangers in Distress—A Sporting Excursion—St. Mary's—Eccentric Nobleman—The Stolen Dog—Culpable Carelessness—A Character—Inconsiderate and Cruel Act—Stock-raising—Hog-killing in Cincinnati—A Murrain among the Hogs—Pig-Shooting—Porcine Ferocity.

WHEN returning from Vincennes, after seeing my friend off, just as night closed in, my pony refused point-blank to pass under the railroad bridge. Whip and spur were of no avail, for the more I applied them the further he backed from the object of his dislike.

Previous to this occasion the little scoundrel invariably shied when passing under it, but up to this time had never had the impudence to persistently refuse my bidding. As I was in a hurry, and saw that a loss of time would result by my persevering, I got out of the saddle and attempted to lead the obstinate little brute. I

had all but got through the arch when it redoubled its efforts to have its own way, and the cause of its uneasiness was soon accounted for. In a corner where the shadows were the darkest, were seated several human beings. What they could be doing in such an out-of-the-way place, and at such an untimely hour, was a matter of surprise. At first, impressions of robbers floated through my brain, and my right hand felt instinctively for my revolver; but I had no reason for alarm, children composing a large portion of the party. When opposite to them, in the gentlest tones I could command, I inquired why they should select such a damp and unwholesome resting place. In answer I was informed by a hoarse sepulchral voice that "they were strangers, without money or friends," "My barn," I said, "which is not more than a mile from here, is at your service, friend. Keep on up the river side, and the second road to the left will bring you to it; and when you get there tell anyone you may meet there to let me know." They thanked me, and I went on my way.

Half an hour afterwards my cook notified me of

the arrival of the strangers, and I desired them to come into the kitchen. Seldom have I seen people in such a pitiable plight. Hunger was stamped on all their features, while their clothes were wet, dirty, and ragged. Who were they? A father, mother, and three children between eight and twelve years of age whom the misfortunes of war had driven from their own State, and who were now compelled to ask alms of strangers. Both parents were well grown, and in more prosperous days must have been good-looking people, but the oppression of mental and bodily ailments had weighed heavily upon them, and most keenly did they appear to suffer from their humiliating position; but I relieved myself of their presence as soon as possible, giving orders for them to be housed and fed, and on no account to leave in the morning till I had seen them. Next day the empty cottage next to Kelly's was assigned to them, and work found for the father and son. For doubtless, judging from Harris's conversation, he could make himself most useful.

Reports of game being very abundant in a neighbourhood about forty miles off, I determined to

pay it a visit; my trip was most successful so far as swelling my bag went. Moreover I enjoyed myself extremely. At the farm where I resided, I found an agreeable and travelled landlord, who afforded me every information in his power, to enable me to become acquainted with the people and conversant with the neighbourhood, both of which improved in my estimation as I lengthened my stay. St. Mary's, for this is the name of the village, is situated on the upper waters of the Ecuebaras, a tributary of the Wabash. The stream is clear as crystal, and beautifully wooded on the margin. Numerous elevated plateaus that occur on either side would make most charming sites for villas. This settlement was commenced under most advantageous circumstances, but from no line of railroad passing within thirty miles of its position, it has not made the same rapid strides with other places enjoying this advantage.

I found that my visit had been forestalled by a countryman who left a week or two previous to my arrival. He was no less a celebrity than a live lord, and wondrous stories were in circulation regarding his wealth and eccentricities.

Field sports were the attraction that brought him there, and to enjoy them to perfection he was accompanied by a splendid kennel. I form this conclusion from one of his dogs which was left behind, for it had been surreptitiously appropriated by the person whom he had selected as his attendant in the hunting field. The theft occurred in this way. The day for my lord's departure he saw his dogs safely stowed away in the baggage van, but when the train started on its route, his late attaché hid himself in it. On arriving at the first station the blackguard got out, untied the best of the dogs and started for home, the setter at his heels. My countryman did not discover his loss till so far on his route that he resigned himself to fate.

Each day I was at St Mary's I shot over this animal, and can safely say a better or handsomer never quartered a prairie.

My host had never seen a lord before, and was much impressed with his importance. "Upon my dick," he would say, "sovereigns were no more to him than cents to us. He left his portmanteau down in the bar-parlour, and would you believe it, in it there was a stocking full of gold. By Jove!

when he wanted money he would go in broad daylight, when the room was full of folks, and tumble out as many shiners as he wanted. It scared me, for I feared some of the people would come back after night and take the whole blessed thing. It's a fact I couldn't sleep at night thinking of the risk all this ran of being stolen, so I never went to bed without putting fresh caps on my revolver." This story I am certain is true, for I heard it confirmed by half a dozen people.

I cannot leave the subject without adding that such carelessness is very culpable, and sooner or later is certain to lead to spoliation. Why should any person tempt the cupidity of strangers in a manner that dare not be attempted in their own country? If a robbery had resulted, would the loser have blamed himself? No! not he! but ever after he would have marked in his memory the place where it occurred with a black letter.

Tony, a resident in Vincennes, is a character, as thorough and perfect a one as ever came under my observation. His appearance alone would

produce laughter in a stoic. A Hanoverian by birth, he has been over here about ten or twelve years. He speaks English with remarkable volubility, but neither with that correctness of pronunciation nor with that intonation peculiar to those to "the manner born." How his early days were passed it would be difficult to say. Lately he was "boots" at the hotel, now he "runs a public house on his own account." A few years after his arrival in America he committed matrimony. The lady he singled out to do honour to, is an immense daughter of Hibernia, with a fist like a sledge-hammer and an arm like a prize-fighter. It must not be imagined, however, that Tony is henpecked. No such thing, for although he is little he is all there, and is possessed of pluck in an inverse ratio to his stature. Excessive rotundity of person however he suffers from, a terrible drawback, as he confidentially informs you, when chance gets him into a free fight. Not that he is quarrelsome, far from it, no person could more perfectly represent the essence of good-temper, unless he imagines he is being put upon, and when such is the case one

might as well attempt to stem a cataract as his wrath. "In peace there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility, but when the blast of war blows in our ears, &c., &c." Such is the subject of my description. To what I have said let me add that he is a most ardent sportsman, a good shot, and a most liberal-hearted, obliging fellow, although occasionally rather impetuous and headstrong.

Being only possessed of limited means, he is compelled to enjoy his pleasure in as economical a manner as possible. The horse he had been in the habit of riding on his shooting excursions was one of those brutes that possess only a nominal value, owing to the numerous accidents and ailments they have suffered from.

A blind cart-horse may be useful, but a blind hunter is certainly an anomaly. Now the Rosinante of this Nimrod might never in a very long life have seen the light of day, but certainly he had not done so for many years. He had been in his present owner's hands for some time, and up to the date of which I am about to speak, no accident had befallen either him or his rider.

It was a glorious autumnal morning when a party, of which the writer and the redoubtable Tony were members, started for a deer-hunt on the barrens, situated some miles to the south-east of Vincennes. The Hanoverian was in great force that day, and the antiquated white pony he bestrode was in equally good spirits. At length we reached the scene where the hounds were to be thrown into cover, and while the huntsman was left to perform that portion of the task, a detour was made by the remainder of the party to gain the locality where were situated the favourite runs of the deer.

The country we traversed was undulating, loose sandy soil, sparsely covered with brush-wood, dwarf oak being most frequently represented. At no distant date, there had been some heavier timber on this land, but, being of a useful description for posts and rails, it had been all cut down, nothing but the unsightly stumps being left to mark where it had once stood. So far all had gone swimmingly, as we were enabled to follow paths and waggon-tracks to gain our desired stand, ground over

which even a blood-horse could progress without fear of accident. From having loitered on the way, or the hounds having found game sooner than expected, we heard, to our intense annoyance, before we reached the desired stands, the pack running in full cry. From their voices we were able to infer that, by cutting off an angle, we could head the quarry and possibly obtain a shot. When about to start to test the correctness of our surmise, over a dozen deer appeared in front of us, heading in such a direction as we were aware would bring them within shooting distance if we hurried forward. Tony, possessing a knowledge of the locality was the first to put this step into execution. So shaking up his old garron he left the path at a gallop, in the excitement of the moment forgetting the physical infirmities his mount suffered from. The result was as might have been anticipated. The old white steed toed a stump and turned a somersault — throwing the redoubted Tony, sprawling like a jumping frog, on to the bosom of mother earth. But the little episode did not here terminate. The unhorsed rider, indignant

at the mishap, and wounded in pride at the ludicrous picture he had presented, jumped up boiling with rage, and without a moment's hesitation scattered the brains of the poor old horse to the winds, by firing into his forehead a charge of buckshot!

What is committed in the heat of passion often causes sincere regret, and so it was in this instance; for ere the smoke had cleared from the muzzle of his double-barrel, Tony was struck with remorse at the thoughtless, cruel, and unnecessary deed he had done. Perched on a stone, he gave way to grief, and it would have been most difficult for an eye-witness to decide whether his contrition or his outburst of passion was the more thorough representation of low comedy. On our return journey, the irascible little German was justly punished for his impetuosity, for the afternoon was broiling hot, and he had to carry his various horse-trappings on his back over the many miles of sand and scrub that had to be traversed ere we reached home. To add to poor Tony's troubles he had to tell a fib to his wife in answer to her inquiries about the

pony, for he assured her that he had sold him.

There is possibly no description of stock-raising that receives more attention in the West than that of hogs. Since the earliest days of the settlement of the country, pork formed the staple diet of the farmer, and the principal export commodity. Cincinnati owes its greatness to pork. Chicago, so devastated by fire as these pages pass through the press, does so in less degree. Still, like every description of commerce, the pork trade varies and fluctuates. One year there is a scarcity of hogs from disease or other causes; the next year the supply exceeds the demand. Thus there is a glorious uncertainty connected with the trade that is most fascinating to persons so devoted to speculation as Brother Jonathan. That immense fortunes have been realized in this business, is doubtless true, but it is equally certain that speculators have been frequently disappointed of large expected profits. Where there are large speculative gains we know losses may happen in nearly equal degree.

The size of the establishments, in the aforementioned cities, where the unfortunate grunters

meet their untimely end, can be compared in magnitude only with some of our cotton establishments in Glasgow or Manchester. Attached to these are pens capable of holding thousands of animals, where they are detained till the weather is in every way favourable for curing and packing. Nothing is so important as attention on this point. If it be too warm, slaughtering must be deferred; if too cold, it would be equally injudicious to proceed. Such being the case, there are not so many days as one would naturally imagine fit for the pork-packer's business. It is currently told of these establishments that a pig walks in at the bottom alive and well, actually in the ruddiest of health; but by the time he has reached the roof-tree, his various component parts have been converted into pork, sausages, glue, buttons, and an indefinite number of other indescribable but useful articles. Of one thing, however, I am certain, nothing, not the smallest portion of the pig is lost. Even the tail, trifling as it may appear, is served beautifully cleaned and roasted with preitzils and Ohio wine at the numerous

German restaurants to be found in that part of Porkopolis called Rhine-land.

The droves of hogs that are brought into Chicago and Cincinnati annually may be reckoned by hundreds and thousands, and, generally speaking, they are well-bred animals, almost invariably in good condition. However, the large farmers generally kill upon their own place, particularly when possessed of the necessary facilities. When the slaughter takes place, much merriment and fun, and a large consumption of whiskey, follow, and a dance and not unfrequently a quarrel terminate the evening.

The portion of America that I have been describing, is peculiarly suited for raising hogs; therefore, much attention and capital are devoted here to this stock. Still, there are drawbacks which periodically occur and often bring large speculators to the brink of ruin. Such a year I well remember. A murrain broke out among the pigs, far and wide; every farm suffered from its effects, and whether you traversed the prairie, the woods, or cultivated ground, carcasses of victims were to be found. The turkey-buzzard

had such a season of carnival over the numerous victims that lay scattered on every hand, that these filthy birds became so fat and lazy that it was out of their power to raise themselves off the the ground. Numerous hogs that had died, or were in different stages of the disease, I carefully examined, and beyond an unhealthy-looking skin and inflamed intestines, I was unable to discover any cause of death. The country people pronounced this epidemic, measles; but among them, all pigs that are in bad health are immediately supposed to be suffering from that complaint. Remedies, too numerous to be named, were tried to stop the ravages of this murrain, but I am not aware that any exertions were rewarded with success.

The process of raising pigs in this land is peculiarly simple. Several pregnant old sows are turned into a large piece of enclosed woodland. There they find no difficulty in procuring abundant food, for a large portion of the American indigenous forest trees produces nuts and fruit, while bulbous roots are invariably plentiful. Should the Winter be unusually severe, it may be necessary

to take these animals up and feed them at home. However in this locality, such seldom occurs. The sows thus left to themselves become almost like wild animals, excavating dens, and avoiding scrupulously the presence of man. As the season advances the young are produced, the mother carefully hiding them, never leaving their vicinity, and being always ready to protect her defenceless progeny from every danger. At length they are able to run about. At this stage occurs an important and by no means easy task, viz. the gathering together of the drove and marking them. Each farmer has his own peculiar method, which is known to all his neighbours. Where I resided, a hole was cut through each animal's ear with a No. 14 wad punch. Our next neighbour cut the tip of the left ear off all his grunters, while a particular friend of mine, who was Judge of the County, made a cross slit in the side of the left ear.

Marking is necessary, as when the animals get large and difficult to restrain within bounds, they will wander miles from their homes, assembling with all of their species that can be found in the

neighbourhood in immense droves. When Autumn approaches and the forest fruits and nuts have fallen, all become immensely fat, so that they become too indolent to be anxious for their safety. Now is the time to collect them, no easy matter, and get them housed. As may be expected, there are always stragglers left behind, who cunningly evade their capture. Year after year they manage to elude pursuit, when they become a pest to the farmer and a dangerous animal to meet unarmed. But fat as the hogs are when taken from the wood, they are not yet fit for slaughtering, for the diet that they have lived on has made them so soft that half the carcass would dissolve into oil. As a remedy for this defect they are regularly fed on Indian corn for six or eight weeks, at the termination of which time their flesh will be found in a prime state. From what I have said, it will be perceived that there is considerable profit to be anticipated by the grower in return for his outlay.

The homestead, in rear of the barn, was the place where the pigs were doomed to die. On the morning devoted to the purpose a huge fire was built,

on which were stowed numbers of caldrons for the production of a liberal supply of boiling water, for unless a good scald is obtained the bristles will not come from the hide, and the value of the carcass would thereby be much reduced. Tables, formed of planks, are placed in readiness to facilitate operations, while an immense gibbet, with flesh hooks and other appurtenances to hang up the carcasses, figures conspicuously. All being now ready, we will proceed to the mode of killing pursued.

The animals in disposition are far from similar to our peacefully inclined grunters. As it would be impossible to enter the stye, shooting is resorted to — each person in rotation firing. A good aim will drop the victim where he stands without even a spasmodic shiver of the limbs, while a bad shot will cause the unfortunate to sing out. For such a want of skill the marksman is fined, and when the work is over the sundry penalties are collected together and the total spent in whiskey for the benefit of the assembly. In shooting pigs I have found that there are two places, the first just over the curl on the

forehead, the other between the eye and the butt of the ear, the penetration of which produces immediate paralysis of the system. Of course according to the number of animals to be killed the slaughtering is a long or short job, but a well-to-do landowner, say, farming from six hundred to a thousand acres, will probably have over a hundred head to dispose of. The carcasses are generally taken intact to market, where they are sold to packers, whose business is to divide them into joints, rub and cover them well with salt, and afterwards barrel up, in which state they are sent to New York to be disposed of, either for home or foreign consumption.

The ferocity that is developed in these animals and the perfect revolution that occurs in their natures may be judged, when I state that they soon learn to prefer flesh to all other food. On a dead horse or ox they will feed till not a particle remains, and if the adventurous or ignorant should attempt to approach them while thus engaged, he would be extremely likely to suffer for his rashness. I can recount an incident that occurred to myself. To avoid going a round-about way

way home I struck across the prairie, in my route I came across a dead horse. From the appearance of the back of the animal, life had probably been extinct for some days. I was about dismounting from my pony, which refused to approach nearer than ten or twelve yards from the carcass, when a large sow, which appeared to come out of the defunct's belly, charged precipitately at me, and nearly upset mount and self. An old sow which was long the terror of our barn-yard, one day as I was crossing it, rushed at a setter puppy about three months old, which was following at my heels, and ere I could turn or render assistance, had the dog upon its back, and in a few moments my unfortunate pet was torn limb from limb. I have also heard of frequent instances of children being killed by them.

Those hogs which have succeeded in avoiding capture for several years change their appearance so much that they might readily be taken for wild boars. It may be through the constant exercise of seeking their food, and the watchfulness that is necessary to avoid being taken, but the round,

plump, big-cheeked, indolent animal becomes tall, flat-sided, lanky, and altogether repulsive to sight. Is it not strange that animals, which it has taken man generations of breeding and domestication to bring to their present state of perfection, should, in the short period of a few years, relapse into their original condition? This is not only the case with the pig, however, but also with all our domestic favourites—even man himself, however educated he may be. Turn him adrift among savages, and let him remain immured for a period of years, with no other society, and his friends would not recognize him to be the person they had parted with, say a quarter of a century previous.

It has long been a point of dispute among naturalists whether the domestic pig and the wild boar are of one and the same race. From the personal experience I have stated, in my mind there is no doubt that the former has sprung from the latter. How *savants* can be puzzled on such a subject I cannot understand, unless they are so stocked with theoretical nonsense that their craniums are without room for practical facts.

CHAPTER VII.

Baptismal Ceremony—The Parson—A Plucky Old Enthusiast—An Unwilling "Sister"—Ludicrous Scene—Slaughter of Game—Combat of Wolf and Dogs in the Dark.

CROSSING the river to-day, my attention was attracted by an assemblage of people on the margin. Inquiry rewarded me with the information that "dipping" was about to commence. Never having seen this interesting ceremony, and wondering how men, women, and children would stand submersion on such a bitterly cold day, more particularly as there were lots of ice drifting in the stream, after performing my marketing I came back to the scene of operations.

However, I was too soon, the *dramatis personæ* had not yet arrived, but their advent was anxiously looked forward to by a very mixed and extremely facetious crowd. Having discovered

among the assembly several persons I knew, and among others a very charming little brunette, who, in my estimation, was the "belle" of the vicinity, it required little coaxing to induce me to remain to witness the performance. However, we were not kept long in suspense. Several omnibuses fully freighted inside came in sight, and ultimately halted in our midst. Out of the interior of one came the parson, an oily, greasy-looking, tallow-faced man, about six feet two in height, and with no greater girth at the shoulders than might be found in a lad of ten years. A forbidding smile illuminated his repulsive features. In fact I could not help thinking that he was chuckling over the discomfort and inconvenience to which he was going to put all the faithful attendant members of his flock. With the courtesy of a knight of the old school, he commenced to hand out of the body of the conveyances, the various candidates for the coming ceremony. These were all tastefully dressed for the occasion, the aged being in black, the young in white. One thing particularly struck me, that the gentler sex alone was represented.

All having been ranged in a line, and a few words of comfort and advice having been delivered, especially exhorting all to faith, the preacher walked into the stream till he was up to his waist. "Well done, Mr Parson!" I exclaimed; but a person gently remonstrated with me for my words of praise, at the same time adding information which I was unaware of, viz., "that the preacher had waterproofs on that came up to his neck." I have said there was ice in the river. Yes, there were not only big cakes floating on the stream, but the margin was crusted with solid sheets fast to the shore for a depth of twenty or more yards, except at the portion of the bank selected for this interesting ceremony. That the spectators might better behold all the minute details in connection with the dipping, every available spot, from the tops of the omnibuses to the ice-bound banks, was fully occupied.

At length the programme commenced, the preacher came from the water, took by the hand a very antiquated, parchment-skinned, wizen-faced old woman, such a person as would admirably represent, without making up, one of

Macbeth's witches. From her determined countenance, and thin severe expression of mouth, I had but little doubt that she had been selected, from her great moral courage, as well suited to set an example of pluck to the younger and less courageous sisters. From the margin into the stream the duo progressed. On the old woman's visage there was not even the slightest expression of a shiver. Her fortitude brought down the house, or rather the applause of the assembled multitude. Slowly, step by step, still holding by the pastor's hand, she advances deeper into the stream. The current at length eddies around her waist. Her companion speaks a few brief words of comfort, then placing one hand behind her head, and the other to her chest, sinks the aged enthusiast till not a portion of her is visible. The job was so well and thoroughly done that, as the performer rapidly hurried ashore, round after round of congratulations on her display of "true grit," "the proper kind of pluck," welcomed her to dry land. Not even waiting for a shake, such as a water-spaniel would give after such a performance, she hurried into the omnibus, and

apparently unconcerned, without making alteration in her attire, took her seat until all had been served in the same way, and it was time for them to return home. It only proves what determination can do, that for two mortal hours this old lady sat still, uttering not a murmur, giving not the slightest indication of discomfort. In fact, as I looked at her time after time, I really began to feel annoyed that she should appear so totally indifferent to an ordeal that might have been expected to half kill any ordinary representative of our race.

Numbers two and three of the immersed behaved very well, four and five were a little skittish, and I almost think would have backed out, but that they were under the gaze of the public; and any action of that kind, depriving them as it would of a portion of the performance, would have been visited by severe displeasure. However, number seven was above such feelings. She was a little stout nervous body, with large black eyes, and a red nose. Doubtless, the last peculiarity was the effect of the sun, for gin is not common here. When the preacher approached

her, she imperceptibly sidled from him. At length he took her hand, and all unwillingness on her part vanished, for he gave her a look that would, if such a result were possible, have sent her into the bowels of the earth.

Poor little woman, she was fairly in the toils, a rabbit in the grasp of a boa-constrictor could scarcely have been more helpless. Perfectly passive, she could only give one feminine little scream as her foot just entered the water. At length she was soused deeply and thoroughly, and when she regained the surface, with what energy she blew the trickling liquid from her lips! Released, she rushed for the shore, but alas! her troubles were not yet ended, for tripping over a stone she sunk a second time; but the immersion was only momentary, for with wonderful speed she regained her footing, and in a moment after was seated among the shivering sisterhood in the interior of the conveyance. The young ones, that is, those from thirty downwards, performed various antics, generally entering the water in twos and threes holding by each other's hands. The tenderness with which they were handled was

very touching and beautiful; one particularly, and I should not have objected to have had the same opportunities with her myself, for she was a really good-looking lass, and took to the business like a duck as she was. I afterwards heard that the parson was "keeping her company," thus accounting for the milk in the cocoa-nut! There are few classes of people such excellent judges of female character as your parson, it matters not of what denomination he be. I confidently assert this from lengthened observation in different parts of the world, and then he is never mercenary, oh no, never!

By this time the crowd had much augmented, and the ice on the edge of the river, on which the greater portion stood, appearing to me far from secure, I gained a seat beside the Jehu of one of the omnibuses. It was fortunate I did so, for just as the finish of the performance took place, the ice gave a long ominous groan, and the mass of people immediately made a stampede. This sudden movement capped the climax, for those who had not gained the shore were precipitated into the river. The depth being inconsider-

able, there was no fear of accidents, so I gave way to the merriment that such a ludicrous scene produced. A ghastly attempt at a smile suffused even the parson's face. Possibly he was chuckling to himself over the unwashed public being let in for the inconvenience without the benefit.

But all had now been dipped, and the drivers took up their reins and whips. I tumbled down off the box just in time to see his Reverence take his seat. The word was given, and all drove off, the water coming through the floors of the vehicles as if they had been watering-carts constructed on a new principle. There is a more expressive than elegant saying common in America, "going the whole hog." Its exact significance is doing a thing thoroughly. It is certainly eminently applicable to this Transatlantic Baptist preacher's mode of performing this most important ceremony of a numerous sect.

Before returning home, I had occasion to go into town again to obtain certain necessaries of household consumption from the grocer. In this country, where specie, or even paper money, is frequently scarce, it is the habit of the shop-

keepers to take any description of produce, from eggs to bacon, or from game to wheat, in exchange for their goods. Venison and every variety of wild fowl were fetching high prices at Cincinnati, so the tradesman with whom I did business was purchasing all he could obtain. The result was that his shop was crammed with it, waiting for transhipment to the eastern market. Such wholesale slaughter prophesies that the day is not far distant when the sportsman will have to seek more distant hunting grounds if he hopes for success.

This evening, before retiring to bed, I was induced to go out of doors from the disturbance made by Neptune and the terriers, who evidently were under the impression that some unwelcome visitor or midnight prowler was intent on a forage. Although I visited the barn, stables, and outlying offices, I could perceive nothing to justify my suspicions. Still the night was so pitchy dark that even as large an object as a man might have been passed within a few feet without being observed. There are occasions in the life of every one when he feels a dread of some calamity being about to

occur, although, if he were to analyze most minutely every circumstance in the routine of his daily life for weeks previous, he would be unable to detect the cause for his uneasiness. Such was the state of my feelings as I tumbled into bed, first courting Somnus as I reclined on one side, then seeking him on the other, but all without effect. For some time the dogs had been less demonstrative, and the lull had almost produced the effect of transferring me to dreamland, when their voices were again raised, and with such additional force as to cause me to spring up and don as much clothing as was necessary for a second tour of inspection. On gaining the back door, I learned that a battle royal was being waged; and that the fight was not altogether one-sided was proved, for each of my favourites occasionally yelled so lustily that experience told me they were getting most roughly handled.

Every person loves a good dog. A disparaging remark on his qualities will cause the owner annoyance. An unmerited kick or blow bestowed on him will not unfrequently produce hostility among those who have previously been

fast friends. Is it surprising then that I hurried to the scene of conflict with as much rapidity as I could command. Before leaving my room I had the forethought to take my revolver with me. Now such a weapon is all very well in its way, but there are occasions when a good stick is much more suitable, so I also provided myself with an ash sapling that long service had thoroughly seasoned.

On gaining the farm-yard, from the intense darkness and the precipitate pace at which I ran, I tripped over one of the milch cows, landing on my head and shoulders in as filthy a place as could have been selected. Such was the force with which I reached mother-earth that it was some time ere I regained my self-possession, and but for increased vindictiveness in the voices of the assailants I should probably have been longer in doing so.

During the delay in pulling myself together, the scene of conflict had evidently become changed from the bottom of the farm-yard to the deep cutting which formed a lane leading down to the river. From the height of the banks on either side of this rear approach to the house, it was shaded

at all times from the sun's rays. As I entered it to-night, the darkness was so intense that I almost felt it. But my favourites gained confidence from the approach of their master.

Pull-devil, pull-baker, was evidently the drama being enacted. Neptune's deep guttural growl was most emphatic; while Topsy and Jip gave shriller expression to their venomous snarl and snap, emphatically telling that they were doing their share of the work. By this time, although within a few feet of the combatants, yet I could only make out the outline of a constantly moving and ever changing mass. Again and again I endeavoured to distinguish the several combatants, but all attempts were in vain; nor could I be of any service, for to strike would only be at random, and the blow might put *hors de combat* a friend instead of an enemy. Further and further down the lane rolled the combatants. It was evident that my presence was objectionable to the assailed, and such being the case, in his redoubled efforts to escape, the slope of the ground bore him downwards. It was fortunate it was so, for the scene of contest would soon be changed to open

ground, where the darkness would be less intense, and an opportunity presented for me to be of some assistance to the dogs, who apparently were receiving such severe punishment as made me fear every moment for their lives. For all this the plucky animals never relinquished hold of their foe for a moment, but stuck to their task with most determined pluck. At last the overhanging banks were passed, my eyes, which had been so useless previously commenced to perform their functions, and to my surprise I found that the unknown promoter of the strife was either an immense dog or a wolf. I endeavoured lustily to use my stick. Blow succeeded blow without any visible effect, the head of the unknown being so protected by his activity, that I was obliged to satisfy myself with pounding away at his carcass.

At length a chance offered. The brute was on his legs, and the dogs were hanging to his flanks, when I struck with all my power, aiming for the back of the neck; but I failed in my purpose, and dear old Neptune, as faithful and plucky a companion as ever looked in his master's face for encouragement or sympathy, received the blow with such stunning effect that he dropped at

my feet insensible. This climax soon ended the strife. The wolf, for that I am satisfied it was, shook himself free from the terriers in a moment. Prompt action was apparently necessary to bring the affair to a satisfactory termination, so I reached my hand for my revolver. Alas! its pouch was tenantless, and what between disappointment at losing the quarry, and disgust at my own awkwardness in striking such a badly directed blow, I saw with a bitter spirit the midnight marauder disappear into the darkness.

What had become of my pistol? I discovered in the morning that in my somersault over the cow I had dropped it. Fortunately I did not get into closer quarters in this midnight *mêlée*, or its services might have been absolutely necessary to save me from some serious mishap.

Next day my poor dogs were in a woeful plight, each having received most severe punishment, Topsy and Neptune in particular. In fact for days I despaired of saving the life of my game little terrier. The reception that was accorded the wolf doubtless taught him a wholesome lesson, for during the remainder of my stay at the farm he never paid it another visit.

CHAPTER VIII.

Squire B——'s Story—Changes in the Country—The Land of the Iroquois—The Camp Fire—Pursued by an Indian War Party—Accommodating oneself to Circumstances—"Old Coon"—A Wild Night—Measures of Security—The Horse Guard—The Indian Yell—The Indians Dispersed—Running the Gauntlet—Hardly-earned Rest and a Comfortable Pipe—Narrative of Holmes' Escape.

ONE night when about to turn into bed, the tramp of horses in the lane set all the dogs barking. On going to the door to discover who caused the disturbance, a cheery hearty voice was distinctly audible, which my landlord at once recognised as that of Squire B——, the richest and most public-spirited man within a radius of fifty miles from our present position. He is now nearly eighty years of age, but as hail and hearty as in youth. He has passed nearly all his life on the frontier, and probably has gone through more

hair-breadth escapes from Indians than even the celebrated Kit Carson. Our visitors were soon served with supper, and after discussing their meal, in answer to a question I asked, whether the country was much changed since he knew it, the Squire replied, "Changed, d——n it, you wouldn't know it. I'll just tell you what befell me within two days' walk of where we now sit, when I was little more than a lad. Well, you know the Wabash; little over fifty miles from where we are now the event I am going to tell took place. There are several now living to vouch for its truth, so there is no fear of being misbelieved. At that time I was returning from a trading expedition, which had turned out so disastrously as to reduce me from the position of a rich man to that of a comparatively speaking poor one. So here goes for the yarn, with the addition of a slight description of the place as it then looked, that you, who were unacquainted with it, may comprehend the situation better.

"The country verging on the Wabash's banks is not generally sterile, though hereabouts before cultivation began, it was so, bearing only a

scanty covering of wire grass, interspersed with more dead than alive-looking sage-bushes. The bed of the stream is gravelly, and, excepting after heavy rains, the volume of water is small, but spread out over a large area; while dense, closely interlaced aquatic weeds form a fringe on its margin, a division between the two elements of land and water, in many places over a hundred yards wide.

"This was in the country of the Iroquois, at that time free, unrestrained by promises, regardless of threats, the hunting-field their recreation, war their business—neither seeking nor giving mercy, treating all they met as foes—they travelled over their immense demesne, anxious, probably, to find intruders, for the pleasure of teaching them that they were so.

"It was Autumn, the sun was still an hour high, the wind with gentle murmuring sighed across the waste, a transparent haze hung over the ground, characteristic of the season that divides Summer from Winter; and no life was visible, except a small party of horsemen, of whom I was one, who halted on reaching what appeared

a ford, when they dismounted, hobbled their animals, and dispersed to gather such débris as would make a camp-fire.

"All were travel-stained, not in the ordinary acceptation of the word, but worn out, sun-burnt, with their hair and beards uncombed and uncared for. There was an air about them of freedom, recklessness, and determination that stamped them men of courage, used to vicissitudes, and capable of struggling successfully with more than ordinary danger and privation.

"Soon a bright fire succeeded the wreath of smoke that promised it, and the whole party squatted around and busied themselves in cooking their evening meal. The horses also assiduously availed themselves of the opportunity to pick up what scant vegetation suited their palates, or to quench their thirst in the waters of the ford; but the limits of their range were circumscribed to a few hundred square yards, a precaution that spoke but too truly of the fear with which their owners regarded the neighbourhood.

"Nor is it to be wondered at that such obvious precautions were taken, and that a restless ner-

vous uneasiness was apparent in all, when you are informed that for three days we had been pursued by a war-party of braves, more than treble our number, who had caused us the loss of several of our companions. But the fighting was not all one-sided, for our long rifles had done their work. They seldom spoke, but never without effect, and six or seven of the enemy had been blotted out from the list of the living that composed their tribe.

"From where we now were it required at least two long days' journey to get beyond the limits of the range of the hostile Indians, a task that we would have at once undertaken if our cattle had been fresh; but horses, like men, can only endure a certain amount of fatigue, and any one, however limited his experience might be, could see at once that our mounts were so nearly worn out that further demands upon their strength would result in their death, and that to save them we must remain where we were, or continue the rest of our journey on foot.

"Although the days were warm, often insupportably hot at noon, the nights were so cold that ice

invariably formed on the stagnant pools. So the blazing fire was both useful and enjoyable, but after darkness set in, it could no longer be kept burning with safety, as it might act as a beacon to indicate our whereabouts to the pursuers. It is wonderful how men and animals accommodate themselves to circumstances. In wild life we find both submitting to privations and want that the inexperienced in hardships would regard as certain to entail destruction. So these hardy sons of the west never murmured, but when the scant meal was finished each looked to his arms, either re-capping or reloading them, lit his pipe, drew his blanket more tightly around his shoulders and sat in silence, grateful at least for the temporary repose.

"At length the elder of our party spoke. He was a tall, gaunt, weather-beaten, keen, aquiline-faced and determined-looking man. The others listened, occasionally interposing a remark. 'I have been on the plains since boyhood, but never was in a worse fix than now. Our horses are played out from over-work, and there are yet seventy long miles to get beyond the range of these infernal Red-skins.

They're not at our heels now, for we punished them too sharply, but the villains are off for help; and to-night, doubled, yes, perhaps trebled in numbers, we'll have them down upon us, and nothing short of scalps will satisfy the blood-thirsty crew. There's but seven of us all told, so there's no use risking a stand-up fight unless we get cornered; but as soon as dark let's make a fresh start and get ten or twelve more miles put through before halting.

"'But our horses are dead-beat,' exclaimed several.

"'Mine I know cannot go another mile,' said one.

"'We are all in the same canoe in that respect;' answered the first speaker. 'My mare is no better than the rest. Hear what I propose, then you can choose for yourself. I'm willing to go with the crowd; I don't wish to force my opinions on any one.' Here he stopped speaking.

"'Go on, go on, old Coon' (for this was the speaker's sobriquet), came from several, and he continued.

"'Well, you see, this place is so badly tramped

the red-skins are sure to hit it off. Now what I propose is this. Each of you take your horse separate and alone, lead him down the bank a mile more or less, strike through the rushes, and wait till you are joined by the others. Then we'll put them all together, one or two of us driving them down the bed of the river, close in by the weeds, so as to be less exposed, while the others foot it along the dry ground, ready to give warning if surprised, when all must bunch together and make the most of the shelter the river margin affords. By this plan we will gain time and lessen distance, the additional work won't hurt the horses, as they have no rider to carry, and the cold water will freshen them up and take the heat out of their feet. Towards daylight we can lay up, remain quiet till night, and then we can push forward and laugh at the best of them.'

"An hour afterwards all our party had assembled more than a couple of miles down the Arkansas river from where the evening meal had been eaten. Although the night was inky black, and the heavens were crowded with impenetrable

clouds ominous of storm, the plan of 'Old Coon' had been carried out with that attention to detail that makes success probable, and nothing remained to be done but to decide in whose charge the horses were to be placed.

"To settle this lots were cast. 'Old Coon' held in his hand as many stiff pieces of rush as there were persons. These were of different lengths, each drawing one, and on two of the least experienced in Western wild-life, of whom I was one, did the duty devolve of driving the cattle.

"In a few moments the horse-guardians were alone, their charges all secured together, to prevent straggling and guard against stampede. The poor creatures were too tired to be troublesome.

"They drove kindly, as if their intelligence informed them how much depended on their good conduct; and for many a mile around nothing could have been heard by the keenest ear placed upon the ground, save, where the water chanced to be shallower than usual, an occasional splash, which the casual listener might imagine to be occasioned by deer, wolf, or buffalo, disturbed

by the presence of each other. In three hours, five or six miles had been traversed. At this time the flood-gates of heaven opened, and the rain descended in torrents.

"Silence being no longer necessary, we trudged side by side, and talked of the past, for we were friends, although not of years standing, still endeared to each other by ties often disregarded in the circles of home life, but never among the adventurers who meet in alien lands; and these ties sprung from the appreciation of brave men for brave men, companionship in difficulty and hardship.

"'I have been engaged in some hazardous enterprises before to-day, and have been out in all kinds of weather; but hang me if this is not the most disgusting night, and the most disagreeable job I have ever undertaken,' said my companion, a fine soldierly-looking man, nearly six feet in height, who could scarcely have exceeded thirty-five years of age. 'This wild western country and the life people lead in it, are scarcely what they're imagined to be. Come here to hunt, live upon the fat of the land,

lounge round comfortable camp-fires, shoot, ride, or fish, as the spirit moves you, forsooth! Why! in our case the tables are turned topsy-turvy, and instead of being the pursuers we have been the pursued, and worse than all, lost the pet of our party.'

"'Yes, poor Holmes,' said I. 'I suppose there is no chance of seeing him again—he was undoubtedly killed.'

"'There is little doubt on that point,' resumed my friend, 'he was not a dozen yards from me when he fell. We had just entered the rushes when we struck the river, and the ball must have hit him in the back and paralysed him, for he left his saddle head-foremost. I went to him and lifted him, but he never spoke, and feeling assured he was dead, I left him. As it was, the delay caused me to run the gauntlet. One bullet ricochetted off the ground within a few inches of my feet. From his light weight Holmes' horse was far the freshest of the party. I only wish now I could have caught him. Several times I nearly did so, for he followed me for miles. Yes, poor boy, I fear his scalp will decorate the lodge-pole of some

of these braves — rascally scoundrels, but as plucky as their name implies.'

"Soon after our pipes were lit, and both tramped, tramped, tramped through the water, which was half way to our knees, splashing up higher and higher, and saturating us more completely at every stride. The fatigue, the rain, and the desolation of our position, doubtless pressed heavily upon us, and induced silence; persons cast in another mould would probably have been garrulous with complaints.

"But the night is almost passed, and the darkest portion of the twenty-four hours, that which precedes the dawn, has arrived. Not ten but a good fifteen miles have been accomplished since our start was made, and we, the horse-guard, almost imagine ourselves forgotten or deserted by our companions, when a low prolonged whistle informs us that they are close at hand. The rain had now ceased, the clouds had drifted off westward, and several faint lines of light foretold that scarcely an hour intervened till sunrise. But we had arrived at the halting place, a most uninviting spot, damp, no! wet, sufficiently so

for snipe to bore; and here we must remain for the next twelve or fourteen hours. But danger was imminent, the emergency made it necessary, and only one course was open, submission to circumstances. Even the poor horses seemed to feel the hardness of their lot; but when the sun rose and the coldness of the night gave way before his powerful rays, their condition was improved, and their water-journey had not at all reduced their strength.

"During the day little was done by our coterie but cleaning arms and gathering forage. Grass was scarce, and grew in too exposed situations to be sought after, but its place was supplied by the succulent links and beautiful leaves of the water-lily, which grew in abundance in those parts of the stream where the current was sluggish and allowed alluvial deposit to collect.

"It might have been half-past three, certainly the sun had several hours passed the meridian, when impatience and curiosity drew us all to the edge of our place of concealment, where the sedge terminated and the ground was dry, an ad-

vantage not lightly to be estimated. Some availing themselves of this, had just lain down to rest their weary limbs, when all were placed on the *qui vive* by a report of a distant shot. In a country where foes infinitely surpass friends in numbers, such a sound is never disregarded. Long was the suspense that followed, many the suppositions expressed. The propriety of remaining hid was however decided on, when two more shots echoed over our retreat, evidently fired at a much shorter distance from our party than the preceding one.

"'Indians you may bet your life,' said Old Coon. 'Look to your shooting-irons, boys, see that you hold them straight, and that the powder is up in the tubes. The darned skunks don't know we're here, or they would never be blazing away in that fashion.' But such advice was scarcely required. Although the appellation 'boy' was used, it was only in accordance with the customs of the country, for a more reliable, capable, and determined party of men could scarcely have been selected between the Atlantic and Pacific.

"The place in which we were secreted was an

unusually broad belt of rushes, lofty, dense, and interwoven, rising but slightly from the neighbouring land. It was impossible to gain sufficient elevation to overlook it, and as all had entered its cover from the water, no tell-tale track existed outside to inform of our whereabouts. Moreover the horses were all secured, requiring only a guardian. There were thus six good riflemen, so well posted that they were equal to vastly superior numbers of Red-skins, more especially if they should run unawares upon the ambuscade.

"Again another shot, and after it a yell was heard. No longer was there room for doubt that it was from an Indian's throat it issued. Again all was silent. Like snakes waiting for our prey, we lay stretched on the ground, facing the direction from which the sounds proceeded; the moments appeared minutes, minutes hours; all was deathly, ominously still, and the suspense was painful. But hark! some rushes break, possibly it is a deer. Poor creature! this time it will go free. The rustling warning, however, becomes louder, and more regular, till at length it is apparent that but a

few yards intervene between the intruder and the secreted riflemen. For a moment the glance of a brown hunting shirt is seen, and in an instant afterwards the figure of Holmes is recognised, not one moment too soon, for already had a bead been drawn that would have sent a bullet through his heart.

"In less lapse of time than words would express, the veteran trader, Old Coon, had grasped the whole position. 'Don't stop, my boy, go on, and we'll see if the white man is not as good as the Indian at his own game.' My hand clasped the lad's as he passed, but there was no time for words, each having a duty that he was determined to fulfil.

"Where Holmes had traversed was in cover along the margin close enough to the dry land to afford a firm footing, yet too near the moist ground for horses to travel without great fatigue and inconvenience, more especially with a rider. The Indians knew this well, being conversant with every mile of their country, and they are far too good horsemen to take more out of their mounts than is absolutely necessary. And the Old Coon knew

them too. Twenty or thirty yards further forward, closer to, almost on the edge of the open ground with his companions beside him, he advanced on all-fours. No deer-stalker ever performed with more address the necessary crossing of an open piece of ground to gain shelter. Again all is still, so still that the hearts of the adventurers might almost be heard to beat, but hark, what is that? It is the laugh of an Indian brave, chuckling over their present hunt with greater glee than ever did fox-hunter over a long and fast run.

"'Move not an inch,' was whispered 'for the eye of the Indian is as keen as the wild beasts he lives among.'

"The dull thud of horses' hoofs is heard, such as all have noticed when the soil is damp, and at length they break into sight, scattered one behind the other to the number of a dozen. Their eyes are intently fixed on the edge of the cover, which they know hides their intended victim. Already they are within easy range, each rifleman has drawn sight on his object, but the old man cautions them to wait till the objects of their aim are a little past, in fact not to fire till the word 'shoot'

was given, and not to move one inch afterwards.

"Never did soldiers more perfectly obey commanding officer. The Red-men had but barely cleared the front of our party when the six rifles, almost in one report, hurled their missiles on the unsuspecting foe, and five horses scampered off riderless about the plain, the remainder of the war-party wheeling to the right-about, and galloping southward as fast as a slack rein and firm footing were able to take them. No further shots were fired; one discharge had done its work so thoroughly that more were unnecessary.

"In a quarter of an hour the Indians had disappeared. The only survivor of the victims was seen too, but his spirit was taking leave for its 'happy hunting grounds,' the Indian's heaven.

"Before the preconcerted hour for starting arrived, our friends had to change their quarters. At the bend of the river above, the rushes, which had become sufficiently dry to ignite from the absorbing power of the sun's rays, had been set on fire, and as the wind blew from the northward, and the stream flowed to the south-east,

the flames had made rapid strides, gathering strength as they went. This was the artifice the villainous Iroquois had practised to 'bolt' their victim, and knowing the almost certain success that would result, they were carelessly pushing on to where Holmes must have come forth and run the gauntlet, a race where all the odds were against him; yet preferable to being scorched, afterwards burned at a stake, or standing out in the open stream to be made a target of.

"With little trouble two of the masterless mustangs were captured, one of which was handed over to the rescued friend, while the other was led, that, in case no game were killed, the adventurers might no longer go without food. Twenty-four hours' starvation is not unendurable. A pipe of tobacco or even a chew of the weed to those who practise it will do much to relieve the suffering; but when you cease to get relief by these remedies, or even by tightening your belt till your figure resembles a wasp, hunger is no joking matter.

"Pushing on as fast as the jaded steeds could safely be urged, our party rapidly disposed of

space, and nothing occurred to mar their desire of getting out of the Iroquois country. Only one more halt was made in the dangerous district, plenty of good horse-flesh satisfying our increasing and till then insatiated appetite. And ere the sun had set, a large force of traders homeward bound had been overtaken by us.

"I recollect a painting chap that used to come out west from the cities, and was always going about sketching camping-out travellers and making fancy pictures of them, such as 'Travellers on the Watch,' 'Indians Near.' What a pity he did not see us that night when there was no make-believe! He'd have seen the real grit, and no mistake.

"It was night, the watches had been set, and the unemployed lounged around a huge fire. The horses stood hobbled close by, the waggons with their poles run one into the other formed a circle of enclosure, while every here and there a great cotton-wood tree reared its foliage high aloft.

"Forming a little party to the windward side of this fire, were the Old Coon, Holmes, and myself. Each enjoyed his pipe, each relished the rest he had so hardly earned.

"At length my companion took his pipe from between his lips, blew a cloud of considerable volume, and then turning to Holmes, said:

"'Come, my boy! we have not heard the narration of your escape. I should like to hear it. Don't be bashful, we are all anxious for it.'

"There was no shirking such an appeal, and so Holmes thought, for without demurral he commenced.

"'I was hit immediately we struck the river's bank, not over twenty or thirty yards after we entered the sedge. I believe it must have been a stray shot, for none of the Indians saw me fall. However, it rendered me insensible, and I must have remained so some time, for when I came to myself, which was doubtlessly hastened by the dampness of my couch, I was alone and horseless. Thoughts of my desolate position at first rendered me frantic and incapable of action, and I hesitated what course to take, for each appeared equally fraught with danger. Thus matters stood when I heard our foes yelling. It struck me that they had followed my companions some way without missing me, and were now returning to secure

my scalp. Such a loss being what I could badly bear, I hastened to the river, and soon gained a dense piece of rushes in which I lay down.

"'Riding abreast, but a few yards apart, they passed on; how I escaped detection will always be a matter of surprise to me; and to my disgust I observed that one had possession of my horse.

"'In a moment it flashed across me that it was the tell-tale. They had overtaken it running loose, and justly surmised that its rider must have been killed or wounded.

"'As soon as the Red-skins were out of hearing, although suffering both from the spent ball and the fall from my horse, I hurried in the direction the remainder of my party had taken. For an hour or two nothing occurred to alarm me, till again I heard my pursuers following me in active search. At first I thought of crossing the river, but from its width I felt convinced I could not do so unobserved, so abandoned the project. On my way down stream I had passed several piles of drift-wood covered with rushes and other stuff, and determined to accept the first that suited as a sanctuary. Half a mile further on I came

across one, the log that composed it being so crooked in the centre that I knew a large portion must rise a foot or more above the water-level —remember it was a case of life or death—so through the space intervening between it and the one next it I squeezed myself, and found to my relief my conjecture correct. As the Iroquois passed my sanctum one of them even halted, but although doubtless he would have chosen a similar retreat if circumstances required, he did not give a white man credit for so much discernment.

"'At length, as the day waned into night, from the cramp of my position I suffered such fearful torture that I resolved to leave my shelter at any hazard.

"'On getting released from my prison, I first proposed following the river, but the walking was so heavy, and I felt so incapable of excessive exertion—believing also that the Indians would think it improbable that I would select the open ground—I struck boldly out across it, heading east as nearly as possible, till the approach of day-break advised me to seek

shelter again, which I obtained after more than an hour's walk.

"'All traces of Indians had disappeared, I hoped that they were still engaged in hunting round the vicinity where I had stowed myself away, or given up the chase as fruitless, and each mile traversed gave me fresh confidence. I selected that portion of the marginal rushes where walking is most easy, without actually exposing myself. Being unmolested, I gained courage and took still greater liberties. A bend in the river was before me, and by going across the open I could save more than a mile. Without hesitation I attempted it, and scarcely had I traversed two-thirds of the way when the war-whoop rung in my ears. A dozen savages were only a few hundred yards behind, so, heedless of grace and the propriety of always presenting your front to the foe, I took to my heels and recovered the friendly shelter as rapidly as possible. But they did not attempt to enter it after me. The ground was so saturated that I doubt whether I could not have then beaten them in a race. They followed along the margin. Of the three or four shots you

heard them fire, only one was at me; the others must have been at deer that I, in the capacity of spaniel, had driven out for their amusement. Lucky, was it not? that I came across you when I did; upon my word I had no idea that the villains had lit a fire behind me.'

"Well, you see, Sir, life in this country in those times was slightly different from what it is now, and as for the country you would not know it to be the same. Civilization may change men, and it does, but not one particle more than it changes a new land. Why, there is not a Red-skin to be found in this State at the present time; seventy years back you could scarcely find a white man except it were a few traders at Vincennes and Fort Warren. Come and see me, Sir, when you feel disposed, and if you are fond of Indian yarns, and stories of wild beast hunts, you can have your fill of them."

CHAPTER IX.

Vincennes — Visits of Show-people — Monstrosities — Rockall Bank — Mammoths of the Deep — Incredible Stories — My House and Farm — Prospects of Game — Deer in the Water — Floods — Fight between a Southerner and an Irishman — Canine Indisposition — Medicine for Dogs — Distemper.

VINCENNES from being situated on the railroad which connects Cincinnati with St. Louis is constantly visited in rotation by show people of every description, strolling dramatic companies, Negro minstrels, circuses, and acrobats, who disfigure the town with their immense posters, and create among the worthy inhabitants much excitement, too often terminated by disappointment. Having been often previously sold, I had determined never again to be a victim, but the announcement of an exhibition of an extraordinary unknown biped knocked on the head all my previously formed resolves. Therefore to gratify my love of natural

history I determined to go, and run the risk of once more being made a fool of.

"Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and see the live lion stuffed with straw." Time has passed since speeches similar to this were delivered, to the tune of fife or drum, on the platform of some strolling showman's clap-trap museum. With the enlightenment of the age, more polished and more effectual methods of drawing a crowd are now resorted to, and the crowd, not only the unwashed, uncombed portion of the community, but even people of education and standing, are gulled and sold as in times of yore. There is an unhappy yearning among the sons and daughters of Adam for monstrosities; and the more hideous, more unexplainable they are, the more thoroughly do they gratify this depraved taste, as if nature had not produced curious creatures enough, amphibious and terrestrial, hippopotami, turtles, lizards, and alligators. No, no; these are all in the accepted catalogue of animal life. They have too long been known to be deemed curious.

Our fathers and our forefathers were acquainted with *them*. The present generation wants some-

thing new, something that has never been seen before, possibly never thought of. So some cunning, astute trickster, knowing the weakness of his fellows, sets his wits to work, ponders, thinks, plots, at last plans, and with chuckling self-satisfaction proceeds to fabricate and carry out his machinations. Woolly horses, mermaids, and what-is-its? are fresh in our memories. The stories of their construction have been narrated at almost every fireside, the humbug and deception well laughed at, and the gullibility of those who paid their money and got victimized heartily ridiculed; but though the child once burnt dreads the fire, the victim of the former cheat, and the wise-acres who vow they never could be such fools, rush headlong to behold the next new wonder, the monstrosity resulting from man's handiwork; like the foolish flies already scorched, continuing to hover about the flame.

On entering the town there hung a number of handbills with a wonderfol wood-cut on the top of each. Boldly I took one. My action was infectious, nearly a dozen passengers following my example. One look at the engraved figure told

me a tale.. I saw the whole thing at a glance. So, looking stern, solemn, yet credulous, I retained my handbill in front of me and glanced askance at my neighbours when I thought I could do so without detection. It was curious to see the effect plainly written on the features of each. Three-fourths were believers. Of the remainder, one was dubious, and would have gone whichever way was most popular; doubtless he was a weak-minded vacillating man. The other vehemently expectorated, and said, "Pshaw." He was of the old sea-dog stamp, and not the man to believe in anything real or imaginary, unless he had poked it up with his stick, or had opportunities of resorting to other equally indisputable proofs. This evidence of the facility with which the *genus homo* can be taken in and done for, induced me to delay no longer my visit to the establishment where the *rara avis* was on exhibition, with the double purpose of studying my own race and inspecting the amount of mechanical skill and ingenuity that had been practised on a subject only too susceptible of extraordinary metamorphosis. Well, on arrival at the Town Hall, if it was not a live lion stuffed

with straw, it was a dead fish stuffed with some unknown material I had come to see; and when I state that I was pleased, I scarcely give force enough to my language.

For the largest specimen by far that I had ever seen of the largest of fish was suspended before me, but so distorted in shape and altered, where such was possible, that I was almost wicked enough to wish the ruthless hand of the would-be improver or destroyer of nature's beautiful handiwork had withered ere it had been guilty of such desecration. The manager of the establishment most courteously showed me round, at the same time assuring me that any alterations that might have been made were perpetrated by the owners before it came into his hands, and that consequently he was not answerable for any malpractices that this noble specimen had suffered from.

The basking shark *(Carcharius Marinus,* Jardine, *Squalus Marimus,* Cuvier)—for this is the name of this wonderful creature—is the largest of all fishes, a specimen killed in the North of Scotland, being reported by Pennant as having reached thirty-six feet. Similarly to all this genus, as well

as the sturgeons, rays, &c., &c., it is cartilaginous, *id est*, the framework of the animal is composed of gristle instead of the harder substance. It is also viviparous, producing its young alive as the majority of land animals do. The name which has been allotted to this species of the shark genus has, doubtless, its origin in the extraordinary habit it has of floating on the surface of the sea in various positions—sometimes even stomach up—during the Summer months. From this peculiarity they were long deemed members of the whale family, and, consequently, were not included among the fishes, but classed with mammalia. However, Linnaeus does not, judging from his writings, appears to have laboured under this popular delusion, still we know how hard it is to stem the current of public opinion. So with all his learning and acknowledged talent, the basking shark remained among mammalia up to a very late date.

The principal haunts of these mammoths of the deep are along the west coast of Ireland, two hundred miles out at sea, where commences Rockall Bank. This bank extends for several hundred miles in length, running north and south. From

the prevalence of rough water in these latitudes fishing vessels seldom venture to pay it a visit except in Summer; and, even then, for the small coasting or fishing craft engaged in this precarious occupation, an ocean voyage of this distance is not without great peril. Those who have been intrepid enough to visit Rockall report great numbers of these fish in its vicinity; but few have the hardihood to attack them, their vitality being immense, and their size and power so great that accidents might be expected as a certain result. Jardine in his book on fishes mentions an authentic instance of a craft of seventy tons being towed for twenty-four hours against a considerable gale of wind; but, incredible as this may appear, a story is in circulation on the coast of the North of Scotland—and many appear to believe it true—that two fishing vessels of ten tons each, which had struck two harpoons into one of these leviathans, were towed several hundred miles, when the crews were compelled, before they had killed the fish, to cut free, for fear they should encounter on their return bad weather, and be unable to retrace their course!

Fancy, you disciples of Izaak Walton, how you have chuckled and crowed over a four or five pound trout. Perhaps you may be still further advanced in the gentle art, and a noble representative of *salmo salar*, fresh run from the sea, and nearly counterbalancing a thirty pound weight, has succumbed beneath your skill and patience. Both of these feats I have performed, and acknowledge that as soon as each was accomplished I held my head higher, and stood considerably advanced in my own self-estimation; but to be hooked to a basking shark, a fish weighing as many tons as the salmon did pounds, to be towed along at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, the performance lasting for a day, fathoms of line as thick as signal halliards coiled away in a tub, ready to pay off the moment the fish became obstreperous, while one of the party stood by to lubricate the gunwale, over which the line passed, with buckets of the briny sea! Nor was this all, the handler of the tiller had to be kept on the *qui vive;* no yawing about; go one foot too far to the left or right, and, if your line did not part with the strain, your boat would be on her beam ends. Trout-fishing is exciting with your

hook well home in a heavy fish—fast hold of a big salmon will make the most subdued and apathetic energetic for the time being—but to have a basking shark on, such a creature as is now being exhibited, by Jove! a man should be willing to give —let me see—five years of his life, and then he would not pay too dear for the luxury.

As well as Rockall Bank, the greater bank of Newfoundland is known to possess this species, and doubtless the specimen on exhibition, from heat, storm, or illness, had been induced to leave the hauuts of its childhood, and stray on to the coast of Maine. We are justified in coming to this conclusion, for we are aware that about thirty years ago, during one of those hot Summers that occasionally occur, quite a number of these fish found their way into the estuaries and bays of Scotland and England, two of which were taken —one on the coast of Devonshire, measuring twenty-seven feet; the other not far from Brighton, measuring twenty-nine feet.

The length of the specimen I allude to is said to be thirty feet, making it the second largest of which we have any authentic record. Fortunately,

these brutes are not possessed of the sanguinary dispositions of the dreadful white and blue shark, or else from their terrible size they could do immense mischief. Their food is composed principally of crustacea and marine vegetation, while the formation and position of their teeth is quite dissimilar from all other representatives of this genus. The teeth are also small, little larger than grains of rice, not serrated, and extremely numerous. The lower jaw is of the same length as the upper, while the eyes, which are of moderate size, are placed so near the termination of the head that it must be impossible for the fish to see behind. All the fins are very large, but in this specimen their previous shape has been altered by the withdrawal of the spines and bad stuffing, so that little idea of the appearance of the original can be formed. Being a male, there are two elongated flippers which project beyond the main portion of the ventral fins. The captors, availing themselves of this peculiarity, have converted them into two misshapen continuations, intended to represent feet—mind, I say intended —for, to my eye, they much more resemble

two badly-made immense Bologna sausages.

Although these diabolical tricks on this giant inhabitant of the deep had much injured the beautiful lines on which all fish are constructed, still it was well worthy of a visit; and, as it is the largest specimen extant, it is to be regretted that some public institution did not become its possessor, for the sake of science and education, as many long years may roll by before another of this rare species, of such gigantic proportions, will be cast up from the bosom of the mighty ocean.

On account of the position of this farm, the show of game upon it must, from information that I have obtained, be something extraordinary when the floods in the Wabash are unusually large. I have already described the house as being situated on a table-land. This plateau is about a mile and a-half long, and three quarters of a mile wide, with an elevation in parts of almost one hundred feet. The ridge is everywhere covered with brush and timber, except a space of one hundred and fifty or sixty acres cleared for purposes of cultivation. In front of my residence, the river flows through a flat meadow; on the other sides

the farm is surrounded by extensive prairies, all subject to overflow when there has been an unusually heavy fall of rain. When this occurs, all the game, deer, turkeys, partridges, hares, &c., driven from the extensive low grounds, have to take shelter on this elevated ground, the only piece to be found in the vicinity for many miles.

What pleasure I have often enjoyed at home, wandering through a well-stocked preserve, with hares, rabbits, and pheasants flushing or springing up at every step! Here I hope at no distant time to have the same enjoyment, and, if my informants do not exaggerate, to see collected together the greatest number and variety of game it has ever been my fortune to behold on an estate of equal magnitude.

Three years since there was an unusually wet Spring, at least so my landlord says, and while the waters were spread out over the surrounding country, not less than seventy or eighty head of deer had taken refuge upon his land. For over a week they were detained here, and every morning and evening, from the windows of the house numbers of these timid beauties could be seen.

Still the reader must not imagine that they had no means of escape. Quite the reverse, for if pursued by a fleet hound these deer will take the water like spaniels, and push off for the nearest highlands, although they are distant several miles.

It is really wonderful how fleet and powerful deer are in the water. From past experience I know that in it they far excel a dog in powers of endurance and resistance. I have been told of deer swimming ten miles. Many persons will doubt their ability to do so, but I do not. But if fast hounds will drive the antlered monarch to cross rivers and lakes, slow heavy hounds will not, and knowing this, I shall make arrangements to have a certain old hound over here, whose best pace does not exceed a donkey's trot, yet whose voice is as deep and melodious as ever cheered hunter's heart. I have also purchased an old boat, for without one we should find ourselves prisoners, cut off alike from market and friends when the anticipated waters overflow their banks. Of one thing, however, we may be certain, viz., not running short of provisions, for independent

of game, there will be sufficient stock on the island to support a considerable garrison.

Talking of floods, we generally associate them with incalculable injury to every description of property. Here it is the reverse, for the wash and alluvial deposit left over the land when the water subsides, form a manure that ensures the richest crop of grass; and from observation and acquaintance with the neighbourhood, the farmers do not till any portion of the low land underneath a certain level, but leave it to produce grass, which it does in the rankest profusion.

The whole of the farm-servants, as well as the neighbours, have been thrown into the most intense excitement by a disturbance which has taken place between Kelly and Harris, which resulted in fisticuffs to the discomfiture of the latter; and as he was the aggressor, such a termination has given the greatest satisfaction. The cause of the row, I have learned, resulted from Harris's son bullying Kelly's, a most inoffensive, industrious boy. For some weeks he had submitted uncomplainingly to his tormentor's unjust treatment, but to-night, on asking the rea-

son for such treatment, his query was answered by a volley of blows. The screams of the assailed bringing out the parents of both, Harris approved of his son's conduct, while Kelly was indignant at his boy receiving such unfair treatment. Ultimately, the fathers got to high words, when the Kentuckian drew a knife, and the little Irishman retreated to his house to procure a shillelagh, returning immediately he had procured his countrymen's favourite weapon. Manslaughter might have occurred, for both were resolved on fighting, but fortunately several of the labourers returning from their evening's work came upon the scene when hostilities were about commencing. With them the little hot-headed, impulsive, but generous Patlander was a great favourite, while the Southerner was quite the reverse. So, rushing upon the two hostile persons, they succeeded in disarming both in a most summary manner. But the blood of the representatives of both countries was so thoroughly aroused that argument and entreaty to induce them to forget and forgive were of no avail. As fight they would, a ring was formed and the two

game-cocks were allowed to settle their difference after the good old English fashion.

Round succeeded round, at first the bigger of the two having the advantage; but his wind being defective it became apparent that whoever had the greatest amount of stamina would be the conqueror. Harris evidently knew this, and at the same time felt his strength failing. Again and again he made renewed efforts, trying with all the power he commanded to bring the battle to as speedy a termination as possible; but little Kelly took his punishment in the gamest manner, bided his time, and ultimately changed his tactics from defensive to offensive, and won the battle in a canter amid the plaudits of the spectators and to the satisfaction of everyone. Certainly the victory was not a bloodless one, for the amount of punishment that each received told most plainly that both had gone into the struggle with the determination of doing their best.

If Harris does not get killed before leaving here it will be a surprise, for he has insulted everyone, and has only escaped paying the severest penalties by the protection accorded him by the

landlord and a certain amount of pity accorded him for being a refugee among foreigners, if the people of one State can be called so by those of another. Among others he has almost come to blows with, is a person in charge of a neigbouring saw-mill, who has been for years considered by all that know him as most quiet and inoffensive.

However this sawyer, like many unobtrusive persons, is a thorough fiend when roused, and perfectly careless of consequences if he deem himself imposed upon. So Harris thought it advisable to eat humble pie and avoid the contest of his own seeking.

I have just returned from Judge ——. His beautiful setter puppies, in which he took so much pride, are all laid up with distemper. How is it that Americans suppose Englishmen more conversant with the nature and ailments of dogs and horses than all others? I fear our skill is often over-rated and their confidence misplaced. However, I turned doctor and prescribed. This circumstance has caused the following train of thoughts resulting from experience to float through my mind.

Animals in the natural state have Nature for their physician. The purity of the circulating air, constant exercise, and the shelter afforded by the caves and woods, preserve the beasts of the field in an almost invariable state of health.

Accident is their most fatal enemy. Nature fails them, and they find no substitute for Art. Habitual recourse to medical quackery is disgraceful to the reputation of the sportsman. His duty is to prevent sickness, and that duty can only be performed by regular attention to cleanliness, diet, and proper exercise. The indispositions and diseases of dogs, and in fact, all domestic animals, are invariably caused by neglect. There is in the majority of animals such a strength of constitutional stamina (unless in-bred), and so much natural hardiness, that with the benefit of preventive care disease would be almost unknown among them. You will perceive I make an exception with reference to those that are allied by blood, for repeated experiments have told me that in strength of constitution they are far beneath the average of those that are free from this misfortune. I will here quote

one example out of many I could offer.

Some years ago, having the misfortune of not being able to obtain the services of a suitable dog for a sire, I was induced to breed to a nephew. The result was that the entire litter were idiots, or at least so deficient of brains that, out of eight which I reared, not one was worth his salt. On the other hand, they were handsome to a degree, and it caused me many severe pangs to pass an edict for their destruction. I kept them until they were eighteen months old, and my kennel during this period was never free of disease.

The majority of sicknesses originate from irregular feeding, want of sufficient nourishment, alternately starving or gorging, being without the benefit of exercise, and exposure to cold and damp; for although dogs will endure great extremities, they are liable to occasional morbid affections resulting from these causes. The case is similar with all domestic animals, even to pigeons and poultry, if detained in a state of imprisonment.

Too often, men, having their attention fully absorbed by business or pleasure, feel it far

beneath them to reflect on the subject, and, as a result, thousands of noble animals, out of mere thoughtlessness, are doomed to wear out a life of gradual and constant misery, from which humanity or consideration could easily have reprieved them.

The dog, to be kept in a healthy state, requires one good meal of solid food per diem, a large portion of which should be meat well cooked, regularly administered at a certain hour. During the hunting season I always follow this plan with such of my kennel as are in use, the time being immediately after my return from the field; but those that are not in work I provide with less solid sustenance, and in smaller quantities, furnishing it twice in the twenty-four hours. Experience has proved that no food agrees better with this animal than horse-flesh. Dogs are much subject to constipation, and when this is the case they should be allowed to run at large, so that they may eat an abundance of what is vulgarly called "dog grass." In nine instances out of ten the patient will be relieved without having recourse to other means; but if the result

should be failure, give a gentle purgative, the best being castor-oil. It will be necessary in administering this physic to take precaution to see that all is swallowed, as it frequently happens that, after it is supposed to have gone into the stomach it is ejected from the mouth.

It may be unnecessary here to state that all young animals, whether horse or dog, require liberal keeping, and that it is vain to expect high form or superior powers, if you neglect them in their infancy. In truth, I feel certain that more attention and care is necessary the first year of their existence than in any succeeding portion of their lives. Those possessed of breeding stables may also with much benefit bear this in mind.

Of the ailments of dogs, the worst in my belief is distemper. It may be defined as a constitutional disease, irregular and uncertain in its attacks. Very few escape it entirely, the majority being seized with it in their puppy-hood, as with small-pox and measles. A re-occurrence of the complaint is almost unknown. Distemper is induced by some cause—atmospheric influences, I believe, beyond all others. During sudden

alternations from heat to cold, and in that kind of weather which frequently produces influenza, it is necessary to be on the *qui vive*, as when it once obtains footing in the kennel, it being contagious, trouble may be expected. Therefore, as soon as it is perceived that an animal has been smitten, which is easily known by his blood-shot eyes, hot nose, producing a discharge of some days' standing, offensive breath, and disinclination to food and exercise, with lack of vivacity, have him removed from his companions immediately, taking care that he is put in a place where he is free from draught and damp, with the temperature rather over than under that of his previous abode. "Low keep and neglect," as the thorough veteran sportsman, Mr. Blane, justly observes, "will either accelerate or produce this disease."

It, however, must be remembered that other diseases will sometimes assume the guise of distemper; and likewise, that it is a very common thing for this term to be applied to any malady in the dog for which a more appropriate term is wanting. Few subjects have been treated more incongruously, and, I conceive, more erro-

neously, than that of the origin and effects of the disease in question, and, that which enhances the strangeness and difficulty of the case, even by persons of undoubted experience. Let me here quote the words of a venerable and most excellent sportsman :—

"I must confess myself astonished to find Mr. Daniel, in his *Rural Sports*, speaking of the distemper in dogs as a disease which has been known in this country (England) only about forty years. Astonished I may well say, because, at that period, and even in the same district of country in which Mr. Daniels then resided, I cannot recollect the slightest difference with respect to this disease, in comparison with the present time. Dogs were subject to it in the same manner, and to an equal degree, then as now; nor does anything less resemble a novelty —every one, young or old, who knew the dog knew also the distemper. I have no conception of any era which can be named for the commencement of this disease, believing it to have been originally bound up in the volume of dog's nature; and I dare not take leave to doubt, if

Mr. and Mrs. Adam kept a dog, whether sheep dog or mastiff, that in all probability it had, in due season, the distemper, whether or not the old gentleman and lady might have veterinary skill sufficient to discover it."

If distemper is neglected, the patient will show, in a week or so, other symptoms which become exceedingly serious. They are, a staggering in his gait, loss of power in his hind-quarters, vomiting, and something very like glanders in horses. The treatment now must be immediate and prompt, as it will take more than ordinary care and experience to save his life. Of one thing let me advise you, superintend the management of such cases yourself, if you value the quadruped, and trust not to knowing servants, the majority of whom are doting idiots or knowing knaves, who, because they have, by chance, once been employed to sweep out a kennel in the old country, or seen a brace of pointers hunted, or a pack of fox-hounds in the distance, pretend to know more than all the professional sportsmen put together. The only proper resource, if a veterinary surgeon cannot be procured, is to

use your own common sense and experience.

I have found mild doses of calomel, of from two to three grains each, taken in milk four or five mornings in succession, if the disease is not too far advanced, always successful; but if the unfortunate should be in the latter stage, add to the first-mentioned drug three times the quantity of antimonial powder, mixing the whole in lard, and administering it in the form of a bolus. When you perceive that the strength of the complaint is broken, be very careful of your patient for a week or ten days, feeding him frequently, and in very small quantities, with choice scraps from the table, and your trouble will soon be remunerated by the pleasure it will afford you to see how rapidly he will regain strength and flesh, and also the affection, in the majority of instances, which he will exhibit on your approach, he knowing full well that you are his friend and benefactor. I have never been much troubled with the disease, and latterly have not known it at all in my own kennel. I account for my good fortune in this way. Some time since, in Colonel Hawker's celebrated sporting

work, I saw that vaccination was recommended as a preventive, and adopted the system with the most beneficial results. Since then every youngster I raise undergoes at the age of three or four months the operation, which is so simple that in a few words I can explain it to my reader. Shave about half an inch square on either of the forelegs near the shoulder, puncture the place so as to produce blood, which remove with a damp cloth and rub the vaccine matter over the spot. The family physician can supply the vaccine matter. The shoulder is chosen because a dog cannot scratch itself there, but some sportsmen perform the operation within the ear. Indeed, any part will do where the puppy cannot scratch or gnaw.

CHAPTER X.

Bad Money—Greenbacks—Wholesale Swindling—Fraud on an Irish Farmer—Servants—A Drunken Cook—A Termagant—Love me, love my Dog—Sheep Farming—Jealousy between the East and the West—Effects of Civil War—Capture of a Suspected Secessionist—Purchase of a Horse—Speculation in Stock—Disgraceful Treatment of Cattle—Purchase of Land—Disagreeable Ride—Discovery of Forgers—Horse Thieves—Protection Societies.

WITHIN the last three weeks I have twice received bad money in change. It is quite possible that I am very careless, and that, if such were not the case, I should not have been victimized. However being a dupe is disagreeable at all times, particularly when no redress can be obtained. Specie has for some time disappeared, and paper-money only is in circulation, the principal notes being those issued by the Government, and

therefore called legal tenders. From these bills being green they are dubbed green-backs. These are what the forgers have counterfeited, and so cleverly have they done their work that it requires an eye of no usual acuteness to detect the spurious imitations.

Of course I am not the only person in the neighbourhood who has suffered; for every person of respectability has been more or less a loser from the same cause; but how this money is first circulated, and where it is made, is involved in such mystery that all efforts made by the civil power to penetrate the secrets of these forgers have up to the present been futile. A number of card-sharpers and black-legs who are constantly plying their vocation on board the Sunday railway cars and steamboats, and have been known to pay their losses to the unwary in spurious coin, have been under surveillance, but at this time nothing has leaked out to justify the supposition that they are the guilty parties now at work.

As might be expected, this wholesale swindling has made every person very suspicious, and all money tendered in payment is examined with

the greatest care. Notwithstanding this, the counterfeits have been so excellently executed, that it is seldom they are discovered till they reach the hands of the banker.

A most painful case occurred a mile or two further off on one of the prairie farms. An old hard-working Irishman had some stock to sell. One evening a plausible stranger arrived at his residence, and stated that he was employed to purchase cattle for the Commissariat Department, and that he had been told that he could obtain capital beef from him. The trusting old farmer asked the plausible stranger to pass the night with him, and in the morning they should see if they could not effect a trade. Next day a bargain was struck, and twenty head of well-fed sleek cattle passed into the unknown's hands, for which was paid the requisite number of greenbacks. Now, the seller only went to market once a week, and as his beasts had been disposed of some days before that on which he made his weekly visit to town, the fraud that had been practised on him—for all the paper-money was bad—was not discovered till four or five days had

elapsed, when all efforts to trace the cattle turned out a failure.

The greatest trouble I experience here is with servants. It is almost impossible, in the first place, to obtain them, and, in the second, they are indolent, saucy, and dirty. Charlie, my cook, for a month or two was as good as could possibly be desired, but in an unlucky moment he recommenced an old vice, drinking, and from that time he has been almost useless, for he is seldom sober. When sent to market in the morning he returns drunk; when sent in the afternoon he does not come home at all, but through the kindness of the Police receives a night's lodging in the Calaboose. It is useless to argue with him, or to extract promises from him. Both plans lamentably result in failure. One of my horses he has already thrown down, and another, through his incapacity from the amount of spirits he had imbibed, bolted with the waggon, smashing that vehicle into smithereens. So I discharged him, having all the time a hope that a few weeks' hard work would bring him to see the error of his ways and effect such a reformation in his conduct

that I would be justified in reinstating him in charge of the kitchen.

In the meantime, I could not dispense with taking food, and scarcely liking the alternative of myself doing the cooking, I hired a woman who by her own account was conversant with all the mysteries of the culinary department; but if ever an unfortunate man got saddled with a termagant, I was that man. Why, call her a servant, and she would put her arms a-kimbo and insolently inform you that she was a "help!" I had to take my meals when she liked, and eat what she chose to give me. Every time I attempted to point out the difference of our relative positions, she would argue me down, till I had not a word to say, when, to save further mischief, I generally ended the contest by beating a precipitate retreat. This creature's life had been spent in farm-houses, where she possibly with some justice deemed herself equal in social standing with her employers, and they, tacitly acknowledging such to be the case, had allowed her to sit at their table.

The day of her arrival at my house, when I went into the dining-room, I found the lady

had already commenced her meal. My forbearance was overtaxed by this proceeding, and I opened a tolerably sharp battery of words upon her, announcing my disapproval of her presuming to take such liberties; but I was overweighted and outfought on every point, and only succeeded in carrying my end by having my meals brought to my room on a tray. How long I should have borne this female's tyranny I know not, if an incident had not occurred which raised my ire to such an extent that, if she had been the Old Gentleman himself, I would have kicked him from my door without any further delay.

My favourite dog Beau was a most artful thief, and withal so plausible and persevering that he invariably committed depredations whenever opportunity offered. However, from his many rare and good qualities his short-comings were looked over, with a threat of a taste of the strap if such occurred again.

One evening, having let the dog out of his kennel to give him a run while I smoked a cigar on the verandah, I had not been so engaged above a few minutes when my pet rushed out of the kitchen

yelling as if he were half killed, and on seeking to discover the cause of the disturbance, I found that he had been severely scalded down the back. Well, "love me, love my dog" is a true saying, and in this instance I verified it, for I there and then ordered the cruel-hearted wretch to leave my premises, and although threatened with the contents of the kettle about my shoulders, succeeded ultimately in packing her off.

Before bidding adieu to this specimen of an American domestic, I must say that she was in character the most extraordinary jumble of good and bad qualities I ever met with. On some days she was a saint, and at every sentence would endeavour to stick in texts of scripture deemed applicable to the occasion. When in this frame of mind she had been having her own way in everything; but if she had been crossed, or even interfered with, the vocabulary of oaths that she employed would have eclipsed that known to the most proficient in Billingsgate slang. One Sunday about two o'clock, she came to me with the polite information that she wanted my favourite pony to ride to meeting on. Knowing

that the little one was always frisky, and never otherwise than difficult to ride, my consent was given, and soon after she was in the saddle. Well, off she started, but before going two hundred yards received a fearful fall. In fact I feared, from her reaching the ground head foremost, that her neck was broken. No such thing, however, had occurred, and before the pony had arrived home a few minutes, the virago was back and in pursuit of the runaway. Again she mounted and started, when the same result ensued. Still she refused to confess herself conquered, and on the fifth attempt succeeded. She afterwards stated that, if she had the handling of me, she would knock the conceit out of me in the same manner as she took it out of the pony. Thank God! I have never yet been subjected to such an ordeal, although in the course of my life I have gone through numerous and various trials.

Sheep-farming, although not practised here to any great extent, would doubtless do exceedingly well. A gentleman who resides ten or twelve miles off has a considerable flock, and he informed me that they were the most remunerative stock he

possessed, if it were not for the depredations made upon them by dogs and wild animals; but as the country grows older these pests will become scarcer and ultimately cease. A great advantage attached to this description of stock is that three times in the year they produce, so to say, a crop—first, the lambs in Spring, which are always saleable; secondly, the wool in Summer, which is now, from the scarcity of cotton, at double its usual value; and, thirdly, mutton in Winter, which, if it has been fattened on Indian corn, is excellent and always in demand.

The secession of the Southern states has placed a complete stop to the cotton trade. Wool is consequently called upon to fill its place, and as a consequence mills for the manufacture of cloth are being erected wherever water-power can be obtained. Formerly nearly all manufacturing was confined to the New England states, the Western ones contenting themselves with producing the commodities for that market; but this will now be no longer the case, for, the ice being once broken, there is no probability of things relapsing into their former state. It is wonderful the jealousy that

exists between the East and West, and, to hear the representatives of either party talking, the stranger cannot help feeling surprised that they remain united as part and parcel of the same nation.

How much more I might have written on the above subject it is difficult to say, for I was brought to an abrupt termination in my scribbling by the information that some strange hounds were running deer, and that if the game came on in the direction it was heading, in all probability it would pass the house, along a deer-run not over two hundred yards from the hall-door. As we had been without venison for some days, I took down from the rack over the mantel-piece my large double gun, which was always kept there loaded, and hurried across the lawn and home pasture-field to a stand which I knew would afford me excellent cover. The wind, too, just suiting my position, I had no reason to fear being scented by the quarry. For over a quarter of an hour I heard the hounds giving tongue as if at fault. Then suddenly they opened in full cry, using sufficient energy of voice to justify the supposition that they had run into

sight of the object of their pursuit; and such was really the case, for a moment afterwards a splendid doe took at a bound the post and rail fence which separated the timber from the cleared land, followed by three hounds within a dozen paces of her heels, and headed along the run I was guarding. In a few moments only forty yards severed us, when I pitched my gun, and the left barrel lodged its contents in her shoulder. Still she did not fall, but struggled forward till the hounds seized her and rapidly dragged her down. The carcass was one hundred and seventy-six pounds.

When a country is afflicted with such a fearful calamity as civil war, the inhabitants of the unfortunate land are anything but civil to each other. Families, neighbours, and citizens are all divided one against the other; and strangers are looked upon by both sides with eyes of the greatest suspicion. Not a train comes into the town but whosoever alights from it, or departs by it, is closely scrutinised; and if his conduct or appearance should in the smallest degree justify such a step, he is pounced upon by the mili-

tary authorities and dragged off, *nolens volens*, to the provost-marshal. There is no use resisting or arguing, go you must, even though your business be of the greatest importance. A revolver or bayonet in the hands of a Hoosier or Tucker volunteer, dirty in dress and repellent in countenance, is a wonderfully effective persuader. Sometimes the results of these indiscriminate captures are ludicrous in the extreme, very seldom useful to the State.

For some days back every countryman has had information to give the powers that be regarding an unknown and most dangerous-looking man that is constantly turning up in the quietest and least frequented neighbourhoods. In appearance he is described as being possessed of such a type of features that any one with half an eye can at a glance see that he is a person capable of performing the most fearful deeds, and, from his obvious desire to avoid publicity, that it is more than probable he has already been guilty of the most atrocious crimes.

Patrol after patrol have been dispatched hither and thither to make him a prisoner, and as he is

supposed to be well armed, the soldiers have orders to use their weapons if the slightest excuse is afforded for doing so.

But for several days the efforts of the military power have been futile. On several evenings I have seen the patrols returning to town, foot-sore and weary, after their long and unsuccessful search through wood, swamp, and prairie. The suspicious person seems to be ubiquitous, yet never to be found when wanted. The neighbourhood is in a state of fermentation about him. The Federalists believe that he is a Southern general, or officer of importance in that service, examining the vicinity previous to a secession raid being made on the country. The Southern sympathisers look knowing when he is spoken of, as much as to say, "We know all about it. You Unionists have crowed long enough, our time is coming to be cock of the walk."

From information brought in one evening, during the night, a troop of Volunteer cavalry was dispatched with orders to draw a *cordon* round a wood some miles off, for there the unknown was observed paying particular attention

to the strata of stone that cropped out through the high grounds on the margin of the Embaras. When day broke, an old and rather dirty man, with long flowing grey hair and high forehead, was discovered lying asleep beside a smouldering fire. With the impetuosity of the falcon darting upon the dove, the myrmidons of the law pounced upon their victim, and ere he could ask a question, or even guess at their motives, he was secured with manacles and mounted on a troop horse. Naturally, under such circumstances, a person would endeavour to inquire what was the reason that he was treated so, why such precautions were taken against his escape, and, being old and long past the prime of life, how so many persons should be employed to secure his capture. But Uncle Sam's troopers knew too much to be communicative, *narey* a word would they reply, and possibly became the more convinced of the importance of their prisoner by his attempts to elucidate what he probably only pretended ignorance of.

I had just risen from breakfast when the soldiers filed past my house. A servant who was

on the road at the time brought the news to me that they had at length succeeded in taking the mysterious stranger, adding that he was doubtless a terrible man, and obviously a regular butternut. This last conclusion might have been easily arrived at, for the prisoner had clothes on of that hue, a favourite colour in the south, and often used to designate a Secessionist. Anxious to know more of the matter, I ordered my horse, and overtook the cavalcade as they were entering the ferry-boat. Being known to the majority of the soldiers, I was permitted to take passage in her; but was cautioned, at the same time, not on any account to speak to the prisoner. However, I took a good survey of him, and in a minute concluded that he was not what he was supposed to be, or that he was one of the 'cutest of this very 'cute people. Several times the captive wished to ask a question, but to every attempt he received the reply that he had better hold his tongue, for what he said would be used in evidence against him.

At last the ferry-boat landed, a crowd of civilians were on the beach, and the remarks

which issued from their lips must have been anything but gratifying to the aged prisoner's feelings. "Don't he look a bad one?" one would remark. "That he does, and hanging is too good for him," chimed in another; while a third added, "Hanging! why he'll be shot before he is a day older, and serve him right too." Thus the unfortunate was already judged and condemned.

The crowd kept augmenting as the escort traversed the streets, so that there might have been a hundred or more persons in attendance when the barracks was reached. Through dint of interest I succeeded in gaining admission to the orderly room, about a dozen of the leading civilians obtaining the same favour. With becoming formality the prisoner was arraigned—more than due precautions being taken to prevent a rescue or escape. At length the suspected man was asked what was the object of his hovering about the neighbourhood in a "mutinous" manner. To this question an answer was refused. The commanding officer explained that the county was under martial law, that he had

it in his power to have him sent to immediate execution, and that he certainly would do so if the prisoner did not give every facility to prove that he was not, as supposed, an enemy to the Great and Indivisible Republic. There was no doubt that what the major said he meant, and the captive thought so, for, after some hesitation, he spoke thus, "Do you see, I wanted to keep it to myself; but you won't let me. Well, I ain't secesh, I ain't got no politics; what brings me here? Just prospecting for oil." A titter ran round the court, but the unseemly mirth was interrupted by a frown from the commandant that made all shake in their boots. Order being restored, the major addressed the prisoner, informing him that such an artifice would avail nothing, but would hasten instead of preventing his doom. Hereupon he was searched. From his pockets were taken a note-book and a bundle of letters. On these every eye was fixed, it being expected that damnatory evidence against the prisoner would be disclosed by them. The commandant examined them. The address was familiar, the name he had read of, and that

in connection with most successful pecuniary speculations. The only information obtained from the note-book was that the terrible prisoner was no reb, not even secesh, or a butternut; but a mineralogist who was examining the neighbourhood in the hope of finding evidences that coal oil existed in it.

At this date petroleum had convulsed Pennsylvania. Money was flowing into that State as rapidly as pumps could draw the valuable liquid from the bowels of the earth, and wealth in unheard of proportions had been amassed by the inhabitants. If oil, therefore, were discovered here, the fortunes of every landed proprietor, and even that of the major, who was a resident of the town, would be made. In a moment all perceived this, and their countenances at once showed how anxious they were to pump the old man of his secrets; but he was discreet and refused to say more on the oil question than that there were symptoms, in one or two places, that were so undeniably promising that the land on which they existed would go up from ten to one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. More he refused

to disclose. This prospector for oil became a subject of such great interest among the assembly, that seven or eight of the inhabitants actually wrangled with each other for the honour of providing him with dinner. When a country is under martial law who can resist the military? So the major succeeded in becoming host to his late prisoner. Doubtless his conduct was actuated by the purest disinterestedness.

After witnessing the above amusing affair, I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who lives within a few miles, and who possesses a drove of young horses. As I required a harness animal, I drove over with him to his residence to inspect his stock, and endeavour to purchase a colt suitable for my purpose. My visit was successful, for I procured a large chestnut gelding, with every appearance of strength, substance, and trotting speed. It was in good condition, rising five years old, had been worked in both plough and harrows, and promised when broke to be of considerable value. Therefore the price I paid was rather a long one, viz., two hundred

dollars, or about twenty-five pounds sterling, according to the depreciated state of the American paper currency. Well satisfied with my new acquisition I rode him home, and further acquaintance caused me to be even better pleased with him.

The United States have long been celebrated for the speed which many of their horses possess in trotting, and those animals which excel in this pace are so highly valued that they command very extraordinary prices. Already I had commenced castle-building, and the chestnut that I had so lately bought was to become, through my skilful training, such a flier that I should be the envied by all admirers of fast stock, and ultimately should dispose of him with such a profit as would most amply recompense me for all the time and patience I had spent in perfecting his education. If it is a very difficult thing to find two men perfectly agreed upon the points that constitute female beauty, it is certainly quite as unusual to discover two persons having a knowledge of horse-flesh who see with the same eyes of favour the points of excellence in that animal. So

when I reached home I was much disappointed to find that my friends thought that I had been taken in and done for. I hoped not.

With the continuance of the war the price of beef, pork, in fact every necessary of life, has risen to a fabulous height. As late events indicate no prospect of a cessation to hostilities, it is but just to imagine that the increase in the value of food will continue in the same ratio that it has done heretofore. Therefore it is a chance for speculation that should not be permitted to slip through the fingers of those possessed of capital. My landlord sees things in this light, and has resolved to purchase cattle to the amount of several thousand dollars, and as I have some unemployed money, I have determined to join him as partner. Looking after stock is not hard work when they have a large range without inducements to trespass beyond. In fact, as I shoot several days in the week, it will scarcely be taking me away from my amusement, to pay a visit to the herd. Thus I shall combine business with pleasure —and the reward for doing so certainly promises to be most ample.

My labours commenced by searching the neighbourhood for stock-fields, that is, those where Indian corn has been grown, and where the straw has been left standing after the grain has been gathered. On this straw the cattle feed, and it is generally reserved for that period of the year when no other pasture is procurable. However, I must say from my own observation that the herds then suffer extreme privations in this locality, for so reduced have I seen animals towards the commencement of the Spring that they were unable to rise without assistance. The privation is caused in this way. They are permitted to graze on the grass as long as any vegetation affording nutriment can be found, and then they are driven into these stock-fields, which, if their contents possessed great powers of nourishment earlier in the season, have suffered much loss of it through the plants becoming dried and shrivelled up from the effect of the Winter frosts. But cold weather is not what tells most severely on the farmer's horned stock. A wet Spring is the most to be dreaded.

Every humane person must agree with me that it is very cruel to subject poor defenceless animals

to such disgraceful treatment; but the object of the stock-keeper appears to be only to keep his herd alive till the Spring grass comes in, when for a very small sum he could have cut with a mowing machine, during the previous Autumn, off any of the neighbouring prairies, as much hay as he could possibly require for the present exigency. The unenclosed prairie land is free to all, at least where I am residing, the proof of which is that I, not the possessor of an acre, am about to become the owner of a herd to pasture over these natural meadows during the coming Summer. But to my speculation. After sundry long rides I have secured seven or eight hundred acres of stock-fields, at twenty-five cents per acre. My landlord and partner has done the same, so that now we have pasture for the intervening few weeks that will occur, till there is sufficient vegetation on the prairies to support our herd.

Into our confidence an old man has been taken, who bears a great reputation for his skill in purchasing cattle, and for being in his earlier years quite a village Adonis. With him, as companion, I started on a forage among the neigh-

bouring farmers, to purchase all the live stock that they were disposed to sell. Two and three year old bullocks and heifers were what we desired, for if they got well through the Winter, and had a fair run of luck in the Summer, in early Autumn they could be converted into commissariat beef. As the majority of the farmers here do not own over a hundred and sixty acres of land, what is commonly denominated half a section, at very few homesteads could we secure over three or four head, whose prices averaged, according to age and size, from eighteen to thirty-five dollars. Thus we had many miles to ride, and as many farms to visit, before we had collected the amount of stock desired. But at length we succeeded, and having gathered our forces together, presented a most imposing appearance on directing our steps towards my residence.

But all was not plain sailing. When we reached our prairie, which is lower in elevation than those we had just traversed to the westward, to our annoyance we found it flooded. Of course the greater portion of it was wadeable, but in those parts where sloughs occurred, swimming

was absolutely necessary. Unfortunately I was mounted on a strange horse belonging to my landlord. He was a giant in height, but the most thorough cur that ever looked through a bridle, and worse than all could not swim a yard. However, I forced him through, his height affording him the possibility of getting his hind feet occasionally to the bottom. A slower or more fatiguing ride I never had, and when I reached home, I discovered that between fatigue and wet, fever and ague had attacked me. My companion, who although nearer sixty than fifty, was as rugged as an oak, was not similarly affected, but then he had the advantage of riding his courageous old horse, which could swim like a water-spaniel.

However, we got the cattle home. For days afterwards I did not care, nor was I capable of knowing, what had become of them; but quinine in heavy and frequent doses gave me relief, and save a singing in my ears, produced by the quantity of the drug I had taken, I was otherwise as right as a trivet. A letter I received during my indisposition put me in better spirits than I

should otherwise have possessed, for an American with whom I had travelled in Algeria had found out that I resided here, and soon intended to pay me a visit, when we should have the pleasure of discussing many an adventure.

I have already mentioned that a large quantity of spurious money was in circulation about this neighbourhood. All the efforts made by the authorities to detect the issuers or forgers were unsuccessful until a few days since, when a man of very bad repute, and known to be the associate of persons who from their habits of life had long been under suspicion, passed some money in payment of a gambling transaction. The receiver of the bogus green-backs, although suspicious that the notes he received were not genuine, made no comment to the giver in reference to his surmises; but waiting till he could do so without creating alarm among such emissaries as the guilty persons might have in the town, placed the matter in the hands of the Police. It soon became evident that the officers of the law had got possession of a clue which was likely to unravel the long existing mystery.

So an evening was settled upon which a descent was to be made upon a house situated alone in a most unfrequented district, and which there was every reason to believe was the workshop of the gang of forgers, as well as a rendezvous for a confederation of persons long suspected of carrying on a systematic plan of horse-stealing. With the utmost precautions of secrecy the police left the town and arrived in the suspected locality. In the darkness of the night they surrounded the building, and revolvers in hand made a rush upon the doors, which were found strongly barricaded. At length the rattling that they made upon the panels brought a woman, who insolently demanded the meaning of such conduct. To their demands for admission a deaf ear was turned, while threats of shooting the first man who attempted to enter by force were made. But Americans, whether law-enforcers or law-makers are not the persons to be balked of their purpose either by the threat or use of arms. The objectionable barriers were knocked down, and the place taken by assault. However, only one inmate was found, although there were convincing

proofs that a short time previously there had been many. This was rather a sell for the Police, for they discovered sundry implements that thoroughly confirmed their belief that they were in the den of a most desperate gang. A beneficial effect resulted to the neighbourhood, nevertheless, for bad money ceased to be circulated.

At one time no description of blackguards were more common throughout the western country than horse-thieves. Persons who were known to have a valuable horse were never certain of their property from day to day; and worse than all, detection of the misappropriators very seldom followed. But when they were detected, so well were the scoundrels armed, that any attempt at recovery of the stolen animal was certain to result in blood-shed. To such a pass was this nefarious trade carried, that protection societies were formed, and Lynch-law was meted out to offenders. Such a course is very objectionable, but when the arms of the law are too weak to give necessary protection, what else is the respectable portion of the community to do? In consequence, so many examples were

made, that this crime has nearly ceased, and the respectable farmer now retires to rest without the fear of finding his stable empty on the morrow.

That many innocent persons suffered in mistake for the offenders is certain, for the victims of robbery or outrage are not the coolest persons in the world to be entrusted with deciding upon the guilt of those to whom circumstances point suspiciously. But public attention being now so occupied with the war, thieves and blackguards have been allowed more scope, and thus are returning to their old reprehensible ways.

CHAPTER XI.

An English Settler—His Strange History—Joins the Army—Practical joking — A Scene on Parade — A Superstitious Scotchman—A Donkey in a Night-cap—Turn for Foreign Service—Eluding the Bailiffs—Gibraltar—Life on the Rock—Fellow Officers—Petty Annoyances of Barrack Life—Los Varios Dolores—Don José's Daughter.

ABOUT fifty miles north-east there resides a fellow-countryman, whom report pronounces a most eccentric character. Although advanced in years, he is unequalled as a shot, and unsurpassed as a horseman. Anecdotes of him were so frequently told me, that I had the greatest curiosity to see him and make his acquaintance, for from numerous circumstances I was inclined to believe that he must be of the class gentleman.

The wish was father to the deed, and I have just returned after enjoying myself thoroughly with

him. His history, previous to his arrival here, is strange, almost incredible. It was narrated of his own free will, and no request was made by him not to repeat it, so I do not scruple to tell it for the benefit of my readers, as it will convey to them some idea of the curious persons to be met in this new land. The lady to whom allusions are made was his wife, and time had not so much affected her but that any person could see that she had been eminently beautiful.

"At the age of eighteen I joined the Home Depôt of one of our line regiments. The Head-Quarters were in the Mediterranean, and as the service companies possessed their full strength it was far from probable that I should go abroad for at least a couple of years. And so it turned out, the intermediate time passing as happily as any one could desire. The captain commanding our depôt was a good fellow, a great sportsman, and a gentleman. The junior officers, with one or two exceptions, were about my own age. All had fair allowances, with tastes much above what their purses could supply, and what between hunting, shooting, balls, and card-parties, is it

surprising that bill-discounters had been called many times into our confidence, and that the cent per cent fraternity felt a great deal of interest in our prosperity?

"Practical joking in those days was much more frequent than now. No fellow thought anything about his having an apple-pie-bed to sleep in, or finding his hair-brushes under his sheets, or his pillow covered with flour, for if you were the victim to-day, an opportunity sooner or later was certain to occur to wipe off the score. Now our senior ensign was a good-tempered fellow, always willing to practise a joke or be the subject of one. An opportunity occurred for him to display his skill upon me, which he did; and he having taken the initiative I determined to pay him off. We had all been at a pic-nic followed by a ball, where champagne had been freely partaken of, so that when we reached barracks, all were more or less elevated—Henderson in particular. All had gone to their respective rooms, and I was just about to spring into bed, when a knock on my door induced me to sing out permission to enter. The visitor was one of our best fellows,

who had just arrived from a distant detachment. The mess being closed from the lateness of the hour, he was going the rounds in search of a glass of brandy-and-water, and came to me with the hope of having his desire gratified. Unfortunately, my supply was out, but as I had seen Henderson's servant that morning take to his master's room a bottle of cognac, I mentioned the fact, and we both determined to make a descent upon it, for we knew well that, if any remained, both would be welcome to it. Candle in hand, looking much like a ghost, for I was in my night-shirt, I led the way. The room we sought was at the end of the corridor on the floor, and, in the corner by the door that entered it, stood two large cans of black and white paint, doubtless left by some of the barrack-master's people, who had for some days been repainting and papering. The key had not been turned in the lock, so nothing prevented our entrance, and in we marched. On the bed lay Henderson with a very scant amount of clothing on, for the weather was warm, the bottle of brandy by his head, and so overcome was he from heat, ex-

citement, or champagne, that all we could say or do would not recall him to a state of consciousness.

"Having satisfied the inward man, both were about to retire, when a thought struck me, one that appeared so comical that I even laughed at the idea. To my friend I confided my plan, which was to procure the pigments and transforming Henderson, not into a black man, but into a black and white one. Without thinking of consequences, acting on the spur of the moment, pots and brushes were brought in. With the most gentle, careful, and skilful touch, the sleeper's face was marked, the left side being painted white, the right black. His neck, chest, and even feet underwent the same operation, when feeling satisfied with the amount of our handiwork, with cat-like tread we regained our rooms and turned in.

"The next day was muster-parade, at which all, except those on the sick-list, must attend. The fall in had not yet sounded. I and my accomplice waited most anxiously for Henderson's appearance; for in a few moments more the

bugle must sound. Already we had commenced to fear the results of our foolish act, and heartily wished our previous night's work had been undone, or that the victim had discovered some means of divesting himself of his disguise, when by chance I raised my eyes to his windows, and for a moment beheld a face the comicality of which convulsed me with laughter.

"At length the muster roll was read. Henderson was reported on the sick-list from serious indisposition, parade was dismissed, and the majority of us retired with the determination of visiting the invalid. But into his room we could not gain admission. The assistant-surgeon who attended him was catechised; but an air of unintelligible mystery hung over his answers. At length a council of war was held, instigated by myself, from a determination that so good a joke should not be lost. All consequently determined to remain in ambush, and make a rush upon the sick man's domicile, the next time the door was opened to admit his servant. A chance soon occurred. In the room opposite Henderson's all of us were hid. The servant came, knocked,

and the master's voice inquired if any of the young gentlemen were about. On being answered in the negative, the bolts of the lock were slowly withdrawn, and the door partially opened on its hinges, when forth we rushed, struggled through the barrier, and found ourselves within the sacred precincts.' Henderson tried to be wroth, but it was of no use. The sternest aspect he assumed only added to the comicality of his features, and making a virtue of necessity he and we laughed ourselves almost into a fit. In the middle of this the commanding officer arrived. To deny him admission was impossible. At first he took the matter seriously, but fortunately for us he was finally obliged to see it in as ludicrous a light as ourselves. Who were the perpetrators, and how it had been done he never found out, and well for us it was so, for we must have got into serious trouble in consequence.

"I will tell you another practical joke equally reckless with the former, as they elucidate the difference between barrack-life now and at that period, as well as show the weakness I was addicted to, which was the cause of all my early

troubles. A young Scotsman from the environs of Glasgow joined the corps. His family were reported to be rich, and he to have a handsome private income. Before he was with us a couple of months, he had become unpopular from his extremely parsimonious habits. Wine he never touched, and made it a rule to leave the table as soon as the decanters had once passed round. Now several attempts, by way of fun, had been tried to borrow money from this youngster, small amounts of a few shillings, the odds in betting being always adverse to the applicant. Among other peculiarities possessed by our new associate, was a great fear of ghosts or other supernatural beings. This we had early found out, and only waited for an opportunity to practise upon his weakness.

"Near the barracks lived an old woman who supported herself by vending apples, sweetmeats, and other popular delicacies. The better to transport her wares about, the old lady kept a donkey, which with its colt nightly fed in a pasture close to the barrack-gate. Full of mischief, and desirous of a lark, on an uninvitingly

wet day when there were no inducements to go forth, several of us got our heads together and concocted the plot of capturing the young ass, transferring it to the Scotsman's room, and placing it in his bed.

"Previous to the party who were charged with the responsible and important duty of capturing the donkey issuing forth, every subaltern at the mess-table had requested the pleasure of taking wine with the subject of our dislike. For once the *ruse* succeeded. Glass after glass he imbibed, his tongue became loosened, and he smiled benignly around. Even a joke is said to have escaped his lips on the occasion, nor when the cloth was removed did he rush away as heretofore, but helped himself to a bumper of claret as the decanter passed him in its course round the table. Thus far all had gone on swimmingly, and a combination of fortuitous circumstances promised the most perfect success. All that remained to be done was to keep our friend engaged till the others had succeeded in their work—and this, as the result will show, they did.

"As I accompanied the party who had the don-

key portion of the escapade to perform, let us follow their steps. Our work was one of those undertakings which are easy to project, but difficult to perform. Round and round the field we scampered, but the child and mother could not be separated, and together they defied all our efforts. For a moment we would imagine them safely cornered, but what a fallacy! the old wretch would lay back her ears, charge through our ranks, kicking, biting, and plunging, while the little one skilfully copied the performance of its maternal parent. However perseverance at last met its reward, when a piece of rope was employed as a lasso and the youngster was immediately afterwards a captive.

"With hauling and dragging and coaxing, the perversely obstinate brute reached the foot of the staircase that led to the rooms we wished to invade; but here we had to halt, for the donkey would not ascend, and so effectually used its feet that many severe bruises were received. To be beaten thus by an ass would never do, so without further remonstrance the gentleman with the long ears was cast, his feet

were tied together, and he was carried bodily up to the scene of his future performance.

"How comical he looked in his night-gown! But when a night-cap was tied on his head, one of those long things of scarlet worsted that resemble exaggerated sausages, and he was placed between the bed-clothes with a pillow under his head, and fastened to prevent his leaving the couch, we all screamed at the absurdity of the figure he cut. For fear of a premature visit from the owner of the premises, however, our labour was hurried through, the candle and matches were carried off, and we waited impatiently in a neighbouring room for the result.

"We were not long kept in suspense. Some voices singing 'We won't go home till morning,' informed us that the late sitters at mess were coming to their respective rooms. Presently a leave-taking is heard at the foot of the staircase, from the affection and guttural intonation of which it is evident that the speakers had drunk more than sufficient. At length a solitary step is heard ascending, and we all become mute as mice. The landing is reached by the unknown, our hiding-

place is passed without discovery, and the subject of our anxiety enters the room into which we have just introduced the troublesome young quadruped. How still we stood, how intently we listened! What, is that an oath from the lips of our cautious and well-conducted brother sub? Yes, it is, and he is abusing the stupidity of his servant for not having left the candle and matches in the proper place. 'Where can they be? Won't I blow him up in the morning! This is the second time the lazy good-for-nothing fellow has been guilty of this piece of neglect. I suppose I must go to bed in the dark.' Thus grumbling he evidently commenced to undress.

"He was soon sufficiently denuded to require his sleeping garments. With the intention of procuring them he must have gone to his pillow, and placed his hand upon the 'tousey tyke' that rested its head there. The touch doubtless caused it to struggle; for a yell, almost unearthly in vehemence and shrillness, greeted our ears. Immediately afterwards, passing us like a shadow, our companion in arms fled, giving full play to his lungs as he progressed. The staircase was

descended with a rapidity truly marvellous, and we were alone.

"To remain in our hiding place would never have done, so we followed after the retreating figure to the foot of the stairs, where all separated, to meet again at the guard-room. What a scene we gazed on there! Our Scotch friend had entered in a costume far more primitive than that of his Highland countrymen. Beside him were the officer, sergeant, and corporal of the guard, to whom, in a most excited state, he was conveying the information that the devil or some other equally objectionable being was in his quarters. To discredit the assertion made him perfectly furious, but as seeing was convincing, an escort was soon formed, and, provided with a lantern, marched for the suspected haunt.

"The officer of the guard was in our confidence, the sergeant had doubtless seen the donkey brought in through the gate, and therefore surmised something, for a smile occasionally passed across his sunburnt face, which our disrobed friend evidently thought indicated misbelief in his

veracity. When the staircase was reached, an air of mystery or fear was assumed by all to assist our plot. On the landing some demur was made as to who should first enter the room; but at length it was settled definitely that the possessor of the premises was the proper person to lead, and that if there were really any danger he should be the one to face it. Our council of war was long and earnest, for the strength of our arguments failed to convince the interested person of their correctness. However I believe the cold did, for he was still in the same scant apparel. At length he took the light, and with hesitating step led the way, strongly supported in the rear.

"The door is reached, the handle turned. A deep sigh greets our ears, and for a moment all is confusion, while the light in the lantern is nearly extinguished. 'I told you so!' triumphantly exclaimed our leader, while his countenance turned white as death, and his teeth chattered from fright, 'there's something in there that's no canny!'

"This we agreed to, but vowed we would see

him through or die in the attempt, and again the handle was turned and the door thrown open.

"As the bed was behind the entrance nothing was seen till the portals were passed, when there lay the donkey just as he had been left, the blaze of light causing him to blink his eyes, and making him appear more ludicrous than ever.

"I believe five minutes passed before our friend could believe his eyes, and then his wrath was dreadful. To assuage his passion we all coincided with him that it was a very meaningless practical joke, deserving of the most condign punishment. Although the story by degrees leaked out, nobody got into trouble through it, and to this day the principals remain unknown to the sufferer.

"Finally my turn had come for foreign service. This got mooted out of barracks, and the harpies of bill-discounters, like vultures attracted by the smell of carnage, flocked around their victim. No less than two bailiffs were deputed for my capture, and by chance the fellows' presence became familiar to me, a circumstance that greatly facilitated

my escape, which was effected in this way. One evening I had an appointment with one of those bewitching little creatures, with grey dreamy eyes, before whom the biggest fellow melts into nothingness. It was scarcely my calf love, yet not being far removed from it, it possessed considerable vehemence. I could not think of crossing the briny deep without bidding her a fond, a last farewell, but on the only evening left on which it would be possible for me to accomplish my purpose, I was orderly officer.

"Not being able to find a brother subaltern who would exchange duty with me, as there was a ball in the neighbourhood that evening, and as I knew that it was worse than useless to apply for permission to leave barracks when unprovided with a proxy, I determined to adopt the only course that remained, to steal forth, trusting to luck that it would remain unknown. My servant being of the same height, and much the same figure as myself, an idea struck me; that habited in his livery I could pass through town unnoticed, even the sergeant of the guard at the

wicket gate in the uncertain light of the hour would never suppose I was any other that what I would appear. 'Lights out' sounded, the next duty could be delayed till any time before *reveillé*. In a few minutes I had changed my toggery, and the barriers that cut off the military from the civilians were safely traversed.

"Near the barrack gate lived a livery stable-keeper, who further increased his revenues by letting furniture out on hire. This penurious, sanctimonious old hypocrite had the honour of being my creditor for the sum of thirty or forty pounds, and, as he was a member of a dissenting congregation, persecuted and dunned me with the perseverance characteristic of such persons calling themselves dissenters. In front of his door stood an Irish car, on which were two suspicious-looking persons with whom the respected elder was engaged in conversation. My approach was unobserved by them. I stood in the shade almost obscured, while the light shone in their faces, and as I heard my name mentioned thus, I thought I was justified in becoming a listener.

"'You can point him out to us on parade to-

morrow morning?' said stranger No. 1 on the car, in a tone of inquiry.

"'Yes', was responded, 'that I can; but he's a knowing one. If it was not so, I wouldn't have sent to Cork for you to do the job.' This was sufficient. I took a thorough good survey of the pair of hounds that were to hunt me, and set my brain to work to defeat their purpose.

"I met my little charmer, and had such a delightful *tête-à-tête*. The moon was bright and clear overhead, the river rippled at our feet, and no intrusion or unwelcome sound told that the world possessed other inhabitants. Again and again we bid adieu, and as often returned for a last kiss. But the enemy Time would glide on, and there are limits to everything, so we vowed eternal love and constancy, like children as we were, believing the present trial the greatest of our lives. Having regained my quarters once more, I pondered over the plan of campaign by which I might best avoid the limbs of the law. My resolve was soon made, and put into execution. I would indite an application for leave of absence on the most urgent private affairs, till

the detachment sailed, and for permission to join it on ship-board. This I wanted to go direct to the general's hands, not through the commanding officer, for at this period we had the misfortune to be under a tartar whom all believed, and not without cause, to connive with the tradesmen against his subordinates to gain popularity. Now, as luck would have it, the chief had come down for one of his numerous inspections. He was a kind-hearted old gentleman, an early riser, and in the habit of strolling about the barrack-square at early hours in very *deshabille* mufti. Knowing this, I called my servant, and gave him instructions that he was to watch for the general's appearance, take the large official letter conspicuously in his hand, and act as if he was anxiously waiting for the earliest opportunity to see the colonel. The bait took. The old general called my servant to him, the domestic played his part well, doubtless adding something about family affliction being the cause, and his young master being much cut up with grief at such unexpected intelligence. With the greatest pleasure I saw, for I had obtained a good post of

observation, the dear old grey-headed veteran take out his pocket-book and indite on an extracted leaf a few words. With it in his possession my servant saluted, turned on his heel and joined me. The words of the general's note were :—

"'I hope your fears are groundless. I will attend to your application. Be punctual in being on board.'

"Thus the first lines of defence had been erected with most brilliant success; but every attempt to steal out of barracks was balked, one of the bailiffs actually bivouacking in the passage beneath the staircase, the other guarding the gate. At length parade came. My non-appearance made the couple uneasy. During the night their bird might have flown, and if so their case was desperate, as in truth was mine. The odds were so much against me that I would not have backed myself at one to ten.

"But my servant came to my relief. 'I have it, Sir,' he said. 'If we could get them both in here, in this room, while you go into the back

one, I could turn the key on them from the outside without them knowing, while, with one of the contractor's ladders now being used for rough-casting the back of the buildings, you get down and off before they are aware.' This was all plausible enough, but there was an 'if' in it. My domestic's brains might however be more prolific of invention than my own, so I asked him how he would propose trapping the bailiffs. 'Easy enough, Sir,' was his ready response, 'let me carry half-a-dozen physic bottles, the pair of splints in the next room, and a coil of bandages on my arm down-stairs, and they, for they are standing down below in the passage, will think some accident has happened, and probably try to pump me. Then leave the remainder to me.' What an ornament to either the legal or diplomatic professions was lost when this servant of mine received the Queen's shilling, and thus became tied for life to pipe-clay and a button-stick!

"A bottle of red-ink saturated the bandages, the splints were loosely tied together in them, several formidable labelled bottles were clutched in one

hand, while from each pocket peeped something that resembled an accessory to medical practice.

"Sonorously the steps sounded as my man descended from the upper landing, while I attentively listened. The bait took beautifully. The duo, almost together, inquired what had happened.

"'You must be strangers, or else you would have heard. Ensign ——,' mentioning my name, 'nearly got killed last night. It was more than probable he would not be twenty-four hours among us if the bleeding had not been stopped; but whom do you wish to see? Can I direct you?' said my factotum.

"'The gentleman you have spoken of; we have got a horse, a real clipper, there isn't as good with the Duhallow hunt.'

"'It's too late for that, the master has sailing orders.'

"'But he might want a charger where he's going; there's no harm anyhow in seeing him. He might recommend us to a purchaser; he'll know my name if you tell it to him.'

"'Well, that's possible, wait till I leave these

in the kitchen, I'll ask him then, and let you know in a moment.'

"A few moments after my servant entered. 'It is all right, Sir,' he answered. 'Let me lay out something for them to drink, and you go into the back-room and throw up the window. A few groans wouldn't hurt, Sir,' he added, by way of postscript.

"Into the back-room I went, locked the door, threw up the window gently, and quietly sat on the bed to play my part.

"In a few minutes the heavy tread of the two tip-staffs was heard entering. I groaned. 'The pain is on him again,' said my servant, 'and the doctor was to be sent for if it returned. Just wait here till I come back, the master wants to see you, so if you will sit down, and help yourselves, there's some brandy and water; I'll only be gone a moment.'

"The outer door then closed, and all was still, except the voices of the limbs of the law whispering to each other congratulations on their anticipated success.

"Within a few minutes the ladder was at the

window, and a moment afterwards my servant noiselessly entered the room through it. 'Be off, Sir,' he said *sotto voce*, 'the outer door is locked, and until you have time to be a mile or two on the road I will do the groaning.'

"My conveyance I found at the rendezvous. The promise of a douceur to the driver lent wings to the horse, the railway station was luckily reached as a train was starting, and that evening I was on board the hired transport, the second mate most willingly promising to stow me away where no lubber of a landsman, as he called all the world that differed from him in profession, would think of looking for, much less finding me.

"The detachment embarked, the bailiffs keeping watch upon all who came on board, or left the ship. Once they had the hardihood to come over the gangway, a course of conduct they had reason to repent. Finally the anchor was tripped, and, prospered by good and favourable weather, in less than a week we moored under the guns of Gibraltar.

"Life on the Rock was delightfully pleasant. There was a freshness and novelty about its

course that was charming. Rides into Spain, picnics to the orange-grove or cork-wood, visits to the vineyards across the bay, balls and parties, followed in quick succession. Night after night the regimental bands played, and, as regularly, and long after the music had ceased, *tête-à-têtes* were held, flirtations started, or carried on along the promenade among the cannon, or in the embrasures of the twenty-one gun battery that fronts the Almeda.

"As in schools, or in fact any other assemblage of persons, there is always to be met great diversity of characters, so it was among the officers who composed the Head-Quarters mess of the old——. We had our agreeable and disagreeable men, our outspoken, fair, and above-board fellows, as well as our sycophants. We had gentlemen and snobs, puppies and the reverse, embryo martinets, and easy-going careless dogs, voting drills and duties a bore, and field-days inventions of the Evil One, with which to harass and annoy the candidates for honour, glory, medals, and the other high-sounding rewards of military life.

"Among such a variety of fellows I of course made both friends and enemies. The captain of the Grenadier company was after my own heart, he that commanded the light company exactly the reverse. The first was a big-hearted, big-bodied, jovial fellow; the latter, of moderate height, thin and lanky, as if all his food disagreed with him, possessed of a carroty head of hair, freckled bad complexion, and eyes more suited for a ferret than for a descendant of Mother Eve. Between these gentlemen very far from a friendly feeling existed, and both had their supporters. Sympathy caused me to declare to which side my tendencies inclined, and thus I obtained the unqualified antagonism of the hostile clique. Soon after my arrival I was transferred to the flank company, commanded by the aforesaid objectionable, when I was subjected to a continuation of persecutions and petty annoyances that several times brought me to the verge of losing my temper. All who have any knowledge of barrack life know how easily such can be practised, how the would-be tyrant can bully his juniors and make them most uncomfortable, without laying

himself open to reproof from superior authority. Many a good officer has been lost to Crown and country through such a man as the above, from their tempers physically disqualifying them to submit to preconcerted petty grievances and habitual fault-finding.

"As certainly as I had arranged a programme of pleasure for the day, whether it was to hunt, fish, shoot, or ride, as surely would my undertaking it be prevented at the last moment by the arrival of the orderly with a request from Captain Mac—— for my attendance at an inspection of accounts, arms, kit,&c. To disobey I dare not, so, in far from an enviable mood, I was constrained to make a virtue of necessity. From causes such as these I had contemplated an exchange, or selling out, or in fact any course likely to bring relief. An unexpected circumstance forced the first mentioned course upon me.

"From the fortress of Gibraltar, following the course of the beach till 'the Rivers' are passed, then pushing into the hills a few miles by a bridle path pointing nearly due westward, you come to the beautiful village of Los Varios

Dolores. Its situation is picturesque in the extreme. Overhanging its long precipitous street of white, square, thoroughly south of Spain old-fashioned houses, rises ridge after ridge of rugged mountains, as varied in shade and colouring as the face of ocean in a storm. Beneath the village rolls a clear cold stream, its banks clothed with all the varieties of timber peculiar to the country.

"There was a *venta* in this retired spot, differing externally but little from other Spanish taverns, but internally very dissimilar, for it was always the perfection of cleanliness and order. I found it out by chance, and so much value did I place upon the discovery, that I determined not to allude to its existence by word or action, even to my most intimate friends, but selfishly to utilise it as a retreat to which I could retire when in want of quiet and rest. Three or four times I had visited this sanctuary, and invariably the sun had descended so far in the western heavens ere I thought of leaving, that my horse had to put his best foot forward in his homeward course, to enable me to reach the land-port before the gates of the garrison were closed.

"One day that I passed there had been unusually oppressive. I sat upon the verandah of the *venta* enjoying the few breaths of mountain air that at long intervals stole down the hill-sides. A bottle of Don José's best *vino tinto*, cooled in the mountain torrent, was at my elbow, and I inhaled the fumes of a fragrant green Havannah which burned in that slow regular manner that denoted excellence. In the cigar smoke I built castles in the air, and formed plans for the future as ephemeral as the material through which I gazed. In fact I was in the dreamland of romance, so common to youth, so delightful to enter, yet so apt to be ruthlessly dispersed. While I sat thus, a woman brushed past me, dressed in the full costume of her nationality. Her short skirt touched me in passing before I was aware of her presence, and she was in the street by the time I recalled my wandering thoughts. Her face I could not see, but her figure was perfection, her carriage the personification of grace, and her foot and ankle, how can I describe them? No sculptor ever moulded the like, for they were too perfect to be fashioned by earthly hands.

Now, if I have a weakness, if there is anything I am allured by, it is a pretty foot and ankle.

"Is it then surprising that my eyes followed the charmer as she glided along over the rough and rocky pavement, and that in her every step I discovered fresh attractions? Reaching the front of the little chapel she crossed the street, dipped her finger in the font that stood outside and crossed herself with holy water. A few paces more, and she entered the place of worship. Here was a chance to learn who she was, possibly gain an introduction. A doubt, however, would arise that her face might be repulsive, or at least ugly, for nature could not have been so lavish of her gifts as to form one who with such perfections must be almost divine. I was determined, however, to solve the riddle and that without delay.

"As soon as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom that invariably pervades, and is thought necessary to, all buildings dedicated to religion, I detected a figure kneeling in the attitude of prayer in front of a picture of the Madonna. Noiselessly I glided towards it, disguising my intention as much as possible by look and manner.

At length I accomplished my purpose. Beside one of the pillars that supported the domed roof I took my stand; and while peering cautiously round its edge a ray of light slanting from an upper window struck upon the face of the object of my curiosity, more beautiful beyond comparison than my fancy in its most imaginative moments had ever conceived. With her hands crossed before her, her eyes raised and head thrown back, the body and shoulders in shade, while the face was illuminated, a natural picture was presented more lovely than painter's art ever produced.

"I had been in love, yes, more than once, but they were only fleeting passions, evanescent as the Summer shower; but now I felt wounded to the death. I was tied to my post, riveted. I would not disturb her—I dare not, in fact, for I was her slave. Whatever her station or walk in life, she was so immeasurably above me, so angelically lovely, that under no circumstances did I feel that I could gain confidence to whisper in her ear the absorbing idolatry with which her image filled my heart.

"I remained in a trance, it might have been ten

minutes, possibly an hour, so perfectly wrapped up in the sight before me that I was unconscious of the passage of time. At length she rose, crossed herself, and turning to the left passed so close to me, that my presence, previously unobserved, startled her. A smile, by way of apology, fleeted across her face—and in a moment after she was gone. Under ordinary circumstances, I should have had impudence enough to follow promptly, but I had now met one who forced me to act otherwise than the dearest wish of my heart dictated. As I left the chapel door, the señorita was entering the *venta*. So far well, I inwardly thought, she lives there, or at least is no stranger. Who she is and where she comes from I will shortly know, or there is no attraction in a dollar for the eyes of Miguel the stable boy.

"Suffering from diffidence, which was with me a very unusual occurrence, and at the same time assuming my most careless manner, I entered the stable-yard. It was so late that I had but little time to spare if I wished to sleep in Gibraltar that night. Miguel recognised me, and started for my horse. I followed him into the

stable and soon broached the subject of my anxiety. The dollar glittered between my fingers, and the bait was evidently most attractive. 'Who is the señorita, so handsome and so lovely? Where does she come from, how long does she remain here, and whither is she going? Like a schoolboy repeating a lesson, I poured these questions from my lips in an uninterrupted volume. The man looked puzzled. 'Come like a good fellow,' I continued, 'tell me—there is no necessity for silence—this coin shall be yours when you do.'

"'Señor must have seen Don José's daughter,' he laughingly said.

"I shoved the money into his hand. 'If so,' I muttered to myself, 'the odds are more in my favour than I could have possibly hoped.' So with gratified feelings I sprung into the saddle, and did not draw rein till the evening gun fired, and then I was crossing the lines that bound the land-port guard. I pity the horse and servants that have masters in love, for when suffering from this epidemic we are always capricious, often cruel, invariably inconsiderate; but my big bay stallion was ever in condition, and had a

constitution and a power of resisting the effects of fatigue that were only equalled by his sure-footedness and infernal temper.

"It is wonderful how additionally attractive Los Varios Dolores became; how many more reasons I found for visiting it; how suddenly I discovered that it was cooler than anywhere else, that the town was easier of access and the road to it better than those in the neighbourhood, that the water was sweeter, and the Val-de-penas or Vino-tinto of Don José superior to all others; moreover that that most worthy host had many points of excellence in his character previously undiscovered. In truth I went so far as to believe my horse preferred going there, and thus I was considerate to him by indulging his partiality. The inner room also I preferred suddenly to the verandah, and lunch cooked in the venta to that provided at mess.

CHAPTER XII.

History of an English Settler (continued)—An Old Adage again confirmed—A Rival—Spanish Jealousy—Officer of the Guard—Ordered to sell out—Bull-Fight at Algesiras—Wrongs avenged—The Second Venta—A Warning—The Countersign and Parole—The Major's Treachery—Besieged in the Venta—A Scoundrel Punished—Delivered from Peril.

"THE acquaintance between Señorita Marakitta and myself commenced by smiles, followed by nods of recognition, ultimately culminating in brief and half stolen *tête-à-têtes*. I considered myself on the fair way to success when, as the adage about true love predicts, difficulties arose from the least expected quarter.

"I had made up my mind, at the first favourable chance that offered, to tell the object of my adoration of my love; that she was dearer to me than all the earth, that her image floated before

my eyes day and night; that I thought of her without ceasing, that in fact I could not live without her, and would make any sacrifice to gain her heart. When Don José had gone out, and the servant was invisible, I used to call for more wine, which the señorita brought. As she laid the bottle on the table, I seized her hand in mine; and the words flowed freely. Her lustrous eyes spoke in response to my appealing glances, her bosom heaved, and a sigh escaped her lips, while a gentle pressure in response to my feverish clasp assured me I was on the road to victory. In a moment I was on my knees, when, to my disgust, vexation, and rage, a young Spaniard, dressed in the costume of a well-to-do farmer, entered the room. A loud shrill shriek rent the air, and the señorita fainted, so rapidly that but for the promptest action on my part she would have fallen upon the floor.

"The stranger stood for a few moments, hate, jealousy and passion flashing alternately from his eyes. At length he abruptly left, muttering between his clenched teeth curses both deep and full of meaning.

"Her face looked pale and deathlike, the blood had forsaken her lips, respiration had apparently ceased, and all my efforts for her recovery were futile. At length I bore her inanimate form to a couch, and was about to rush forth for assistance when the previously silent lips moved, and my name was distinctly articulated. Youth and strength had come to her aid. With an effort, she braced herself and exclaimed 'Fly, fly! you will be killed, murdered if you delay.'

"Mysterious, certainly, to say the least of it. Who can this fellow be, and how can his presence exert so powerful an influence? Doubts and fears shot across my mind, and compassion alone would have caused me to leave her side before all was explained. Perhaps my face was an index to my thoughts. It must have been so, for she added, 'He is betrothed to me, but I do not love him. I promised to wed him when I knew not my mind; he is jealous, cruel, and vindictive. To satisfy these passions he would kill you, and well he knows where to find bravos to back him in his purpose.'

"Still I lingered, for there was more to learn,

and that of such importance to me that I would have faced aught on earth to know it. At length I asked, hoping against hope, 'Señorita, can you love me, and will you promise to be mine?'

"'I will,' was the response.

Scarcely had the words been uttered when Don José arrived. He was dreadfully excited, having met Ausaldo, for such was the young Spaniard's name, who had sworn by the cross that his couchillio should drink my heart's blood. The old man urged me to return at once to the garrison. Advice was unnecessary, I had received my answer. I had every faith in her word, and therefore I required no longer to remain. Miguel held my horse at the door, and the sun told that I was late, so I sprung into the saddle and started. Near the Riviero a mendicant in appearance tried to stop me to importune for alms; and within fifty yards was a group of the same class. I clubbed my loaded crop to be prepared for emergencies, and made my bay feel the potency of my Latchfords, for I was not inclined to halt, possibly to be made a target of.

"Next morning at guard-mounting parade I

received a letter from the idol of my heart. She begged of me not to return to Los Varios Dolores until I again heard from her or saw her; further stating she was going to Tarifa for a time, and possibly before long might visit Gibraltar.

"A long, tedious week passed. My horse stood idle in the stable, my favourite dog eyed me askance with looks of suspicion, my servant came and went with more than wonted silence, till by the roster it came my turn to perform the duties of officer of the guard at the ragged staff. All that evening I lounged looking out seaward, wishing I could see round the distant bluff headland that shut out a view of the residence of her that occupied my every thought. With scarcely a second look I inspected reliefs. In monosyllables I gave my orders, and answered questions in reference to the duties of the different posts.

"Retreat sounded, the guard fell in, and was dismissed. From the evening being chilly I had retired to my guard-room, when a gentle tap was heard on the door. The latch was raised, and

alone, without *duenna*, or companion, Marakitta stood before me.

"How this confidence was treated may be imagined by those who love as I did. Time fled on rapid wings, the second post sounded, and soon afterwards 'Lights out' followed. The field-officer of the day might be expected on his rounds at any moment to turn out the guard. Being prepared I awaited his arrival firmly.

"The clock at the convent had tolled eleven, the sentry challenged, and 'grand rounds' were received, and who do you think was officer of the day? Mac——, my captain, my enemy, my constant source of annoyance, who had lately, through his influence, not through his merit or courage in action, received the brevet rank of major, thus placing him among the garrison list of field-officers.

"Ten minutes after his departure a knock was heard on my door. Believing it to be one of the non-commissioned officers, I sung out in response 'Come in!' The field-officer of the day entered. He had returned through my sentries with the simple response to their challenge, 'Friend!'

"He stood within the portal, stammered out some unintelligible jargon about having neglected to mention a matter of importance, and finished by making the remark that, 'companions similar to my lady-friend were inadmissible in an officer's guard-room at that hour.' His tone and manner implied a slur upon the Señorita's reputation; but ere I could retaliate or decide on my course of action, he was gone.

"Next morning, in his report, it was stated that I had harboured, in the guard-room, a disreputable character during the night. The case was referred to the colonel for investigation, and when the defaulters were told off I was summoned to explain the charge against me. It was reiterated, and I told the black-hearted calumniator, before all, that he was a liar. The result, as might be imagined, was an order to sell out or stand a court-martial. I accepted the former.

"It is hard for one nursed in luxury to subsist on a paltry pittance; it is harder still to be deprived, through the malevolence of one man, of

rank, means, and profession. Such was my case. Can it be wondered at then that I vowed vengeance on the cause, and thirsted for the opportunity to gratify it?

"First, I resided at St. Roque, and each day saw me at Los Varios Dolores. I cared nought for Ansaldo, although he was sure to adopt a plan of revenge as subtle as the snake in the grass, for he had given me fair warning. I consequently never stirred abroad unarmed, and I was not in a frame of mind to hesitate to use my weapons if called upon.

"With the rotation of time, the bull-fights at Algesiras took place. The first day passed without more occurring than my enjoying the 'Grand Function' by the side of her I loved. Not so the second day, for previous to the admission of the first victim, my persecutor and injurer, Mac ——, accompanied by half-a-dozen of the Gibraltar garrison, took a seat close by us. His companions greeted me in a most friendly manner. He evidently sat on thorns, while his presence kindled into a blaze all the bad qualities of my nature. The wished-for opportunity had at

length arrived. Some untoward circumstance must take place, or this night, I inwardly said, you shall be disgraced in the eyes of those whose good opinion you would retain. The fête ended, (El Tato, the matador, had been even more than usually clever in delivering the *coup de grâce*), and the crowd rose to disperse full of praises for his brilliant execution, and regrets that another bull-fight should not take place on the morrow. I handed his daughter to the care of Don José, bade them a hurried adieu, and followed my countrymen to the wharf, whence they were to take boat across the bay to the garrison.

"Without detecting my presence, or suspecting my proximity, they reached the landing-place. All stood in a group arranging the price to be paid for transportation across the bay.

"The opportunity was exactly what I desired. In a moment I was among them, confronting my adversary. When he saw me, he turned pale, and his craven cowardly spirit would have caused him to take flight; but this was impossible, more especially under the eyes of his companions-in-arms, who were

honourable gentlemen and gallant soldiers.

"'Mac ——,' I said, 'you are a coward, a villain, and a liar. Once I told you that you were the latter, I now reiterate it, and to prove that you are the first I do *so*,' and I struck him with my open hand across the face. 'Good evening, gentlemen,' I said to the others; 'my address is ——— St. Roque. I shall be at home the next two days,' and bowing, I withdrew.

"My good horse took me home at a pace some might equal, none could surpass, over very rough ground. It is useless to add that no cartel arrived either during the next two days, or those that followed them.

"At this time the second venta was to let. Few that have visited Gibraltar do not know this lonely spot. It is in the centre of the Corkwood, and surrounded by such dense timber that a view of the neighbouring country is entirely shut out. From its portals several paths lead, radiating in different directions. These are seldom traversed except by charcoal-burners, visitors to the neighbouring garrison, contrabandistas, or garda-costas in their pursuit. As my capital,

from not being replenished, was rapidly diminishing, I determined to take this establishment, hoping to obtain sufficient patronage from my late brother-officers to enable me to pay my way. Nor was I mistaken. The speculation started under the most favourable auspices, and promised to become remunerative. Day after day parties of military men came and went. Occasionally they remained for a few days, and many were the jovial evenings we had together. Through this medium I was thoroughly posted on all affairs connected with home or 'the Rock.'

"At this time I formed the acquaintance of a fellow-countryman who had been in the service. He had left it from having acquired, through the death of a relative, a large fortune. Passionately fond of field-sports, heretofore he had wandered wherever he could best enjoy his taste. Between us, from similarity of tastes, sprung up a strong regard. So with his factotum, an English servant, who had been with him for years, he took up his quarters at my venta.

"One evening, with a couple of choice spirits, we were seated around a whist-table. A bright

fire gave out warmth and fragrance from the immense fire-place. The horses stamped their feet and rattled their halter-chains in the stable close by, while a party of muleteers, from the next room, burst at intervals into wild mountain ditties laudatory of their country's heroes, My servant entered with the information that a beggar whom I had several times assisted pecuniarily, and also saved from a horse-whipping, wished to speak to me. 'Send him here then, José,' I said.

"'All right, sir,' and my man retired.

"In a few moments he returned. 'He desires to see you alone, sir,' he said, 'and does not wish the muleteers in the next room to know that he is here.'

"'Well, I suppose there's nothing for it,' said I, rising, 'but to go the mountain; but what the fellow can want is beyond my imagination.'

"Silently, I found him outside; but with an air of great importance he led me into the brush. At length we halted, when in broken English he assured me he was my friend even to the death. Such a commencement I thought probable to prelude a request for money, but in this supposition

I was wrong. How often we misjudge the motives of others! The poor fellow had travelled many miles to serve me, in gratitude for the trifling favours I had done him.

"'Señor,' he continued, 'beware of Don Ansaldo, he has sworn to kill you. He has engaged a dozen villains to assist him, who, as part return for their services, are to have the privilege of robbing the venta. It may not be for days, perhaps not for weeks, but it is determined upon.'

"'And he will find me at home, and a suitable reception. Thanks for your trouble, friend, drink my health with this' (placing money in his hand). In a moment he had glided off into the gloom of the thick overshadowing timber.

"To my friends I communicated the result of the interview. If the would-be assassins had come that night, prompt and decisive would have been the reception accorded them.

"With the señorita my love affair prospered. My affection increased with intimacy, for fresh attractions were daily discovered. She never would marry Ansaldo, she had told him so, and she was not a person to be intimidated. Day after

day she warned me, begging of me to be careful in coming in contact with her late lover. 'He is a bad man,' she would say, 'and would glory in taking your life; but, *mia*,' she would continue, 'there will be one left behind to revenge you.'

"From my having been informed that Major Mac——— had spoken at mess of my establishment in a most injurious manner, and characterised myself and companion as a pair of black-legs, I determined to visit the garrison some night and flog him as only a skirting, babbling hound, or headstrong setter with sheep-worrying propensisties, deserve to be flogged. To carry out my project successfully and avoid falling into the hands of the civil power, I must be able to enter and leave the garrison unobserved. To obtain the parole and countersign of the Spanish lines I should have no great difficulty, nor was I afraid of getting that of the garrison, both being necessary to the success of my project.

"It was one of those threatening evenings that predict a coming storm. Large black solid clouds rose rapidly in the eastward, and the sun retired behind the western hills, leaving his course marked

with the most brilliant flood of colouring. The wind in fitful playful gusts sedulously gathered straw and sand together, wheeled them into the air, and, like a child tired of a plaything, left them afterwards to fall in careless disorder.

"A few minutes before the evening gun was fired I entered the English lines. An officer of my old corps, a particular friend, was in command of the guard. Since my retirement he had engaged my servant. The troops and their commander were standing to arms as I passed them. I made my way into the guard-room and sat down. Immediately afterwards the servant entered. Between us had always existed the kindest feelings. I told him that he would place me under a lasting obligation to him, if he would procure me the parole and countersign. At once he promised. 'In an hour,' he said, 'you shall find it inside the lining of your cap.'

"There are few tasks generally more tedious than being on guard, none more so than the night portion of duty, when in charge of the locality I allude to, for you are cut off from all communication with the garrison on the one side and

with the Spaniards on the other. However, things were not quite so bad at this date, as not far distant was encamped a company of a new corps lately arrived from home, engaged in rifle instruction.

"My reception by my old brother sub was friendly in the extreme. He knew nothing as yet of his neighbours, and contemplated with no enviable feelings passing a very monotonous night.

"An hour after dark the servant entered, and busied himself putting the room in order by clearing away the débris of dinner. Afterwards, when brushing his master's shako, some dust on my cap appeared to attract his attention. When he left the room I knew that the countersign and parole were in the lining.

"Making an excuse that I should like to visit the new arrivals, the corporal of the guard was told off to pass me over; but when among their tents I dispensed with his services. I was at last free from observation, and all now depended upon myself. Knowing well where all the sentries were placed, I cautiously avoided their positions, and unchallenged I made my way to Catiline

Bay. I found at home an old Genoese fisherman whom I had known for months, but his son, the person I wanted, was away following his avocation. I stated the purpose of my visit, promising a handsome remuneration if he could find some one to supply his son's place. What did I require a companion for, may be asked, as well as a guide over the the Rock—a passage that can be made, and is frequently, although I see in fancy some of the authorities who may chance to read this smiling in disbelief?

"'No,' the old fisherman could find no one, but he would do it himself, provided I required him to go no further than the summit, where he would wait for my return.

"The night was well suited for my purpose—a better could not have been selected. Momentarily rain became more imminent; and with it the darkness increased. Without attracting attention the detachment of Catiline Bay was left, the ridge of sloping sand traversed, and we commenced the climb, the guide leading. The ascent was excessively fatiguing, but far from being so dangerous as heights I have ascended elsewhere.

"The old man, who had long seen his best days, once dislodged a portion of detached rock, which, in its descent, passed within a foot or two of my head. For minutes the noise, produced as it ricochetted over the broken sloping surface beneath, was heard. When tattoo sounded the services of my guide were no longer required.

"I made my way down the upper portion of the rock, so as to get into the garrison near the South Barracks, as the object of my visit lived at Rosia.

"Once I was challenged in the latter part of my journey, and asked for the countersign. This was the only interruption I received.

"From the level of the New Mole to that of the General Hospital is a narrow steep footway, and by it is a bungalow, small certainly, but large enough for a bachelor. In this my foe resided. When I reached it all was quiet, and nothing broke the stillness of the night but the sentries calling the number of their respective posts, and 'All's well!' Mac———'s servant had evidently gone to his quarters, and the master had not yet left the ante-room.

"Ten o'clock came, the muffled tread of the reliefs marching by telling the hour. Half an hour, an hour more sped past. The impatience I had long felt, increased with the passage of time. At length I heard a hurried step. It stopped at the gate, and a voice said 'good night.' The shadow of a figure flitted by my place of concealment. Its originator for some minutes fumbled at the key-hole, then unlocked the door and entered. I waited that he might obtain a light. In a moment more I should have left my place of concealment, when the stable-door, which is within a few yards of the bungalow, opened, a figure came from it, and without perceiving me, tapped for admission to the Major's apartments. After a surly 'come in!' in response, the unknown disappeared.

"My course now became doubtful, and I stood for some minutes hesitating what to do. Angry voices spoke. Louder and more vehement they became. To my surprise my name was mentioned. I drew closer to listen. 'And you must have more money; I'll see you d—d first, you

have had two hundred dollars from me already,' were the words that struck on my ear.

"'True; but it is not sufficient, fifteen men have to be satisfied out of it. Bah! what are two hundred dollars in paying for such a revenge?'

"'As good has been obtained for nothing!'

"'But you, Señor Major, have not the heart to seek it.'

"'What do you mean, fellow?' roared the Major.

"'Simply what I said. He struck you, and waited for your challenge—it never came, for it never was sent.'

"'Remember, fellow, whom you speak to. I can—'

"'No, you cannot, for I am armed.'

"A pause then ensued.

"In a more subdued voice Mac—— then said. 'You derive from this affair more benefit than I do. You regain your betrothed, I obtain but revenge for an insult.'

"'Once for all I must have more money. The men will not start after they muster to-morrow

to carry out our plot, unless they first receive half an ounce each.'

"The conversation now became more confidential; and the terms were evidently agreed upon. So I withdrew to my hiding place, anxiously trusting that the recognised visitor—who was no other than Ansaldo—would hastily take his departure.

"As I remained in the recess caused by the projection of the verandah, perfectly hidden from observation by deeply obscure shadows, I had reason to congratulate myself on fortune favouring me. Let the Spaniard but leave, my score shall be wiped out with double gratification, and then to the second venta to prepare a greeting worthy of Englishmen in their reception of assassins!

"Ten minutes afterwards the sounds emanating from the footsteps of Ansaldo were heard decreasing as he descended the passage.

"In a moment I was at my enemy's door, and my knock reverberated off its panel. 'What, come back! I thought I was done with you, in fact had seen the last of your ugly face; wait a moment,' and the door opened.

"I brushed past the speaker into the room. On recognising me he became ghastly pale, and attempted with assumed composure to question my right of intrusion; but I cut him short. 'Listen to me, you cur, you low-bred, cowardly scoundrel! I am armed, here is my weapon (showing my pistols). If you will fight like a man of honour, I again offer you a fair chance; if not, I will leave my brand on you with this whip.' By way of response, he tried to rush through the door. My hand seized his collar as he laid hold of the handle. The struggle that ensued was terrific, but by degrees his efforts failed under my superior strength.

"When I left him, his dearest friends would not have recognised his previously ugly, now disfigured face and carcase.

"Without mishap I reached the summit of the Rock. I found the old Genoese waiting for me, almost paralyzed with cold. The descent was far more difficult than we had found the ascent. At length, after sundry falls, and many bruises, we arrived at the bottom. With hurried step I passed along the sea face of the

eastern beach, frequently wading through the surf to be out of ear-shot or eyesight of the sentries. Two hours after midnight I passed through the Spanish lines, found my horse, and, in little more than seventy minutes from the time I was in the saddle, found myself at the venta.

"Next morning quietly, so as not to attract observation, for every unknown visitor might be a spy, a council of war was held. We were four reliable people in all, well armed, and determined, whether capable of it or not, to make a most obstinate defence.

"Our plan was to defend the principal lower room, first, and then, if compelled to ascend to the apartment above, to shoot through the floor upon the assailants.

"That afternoon the beggar again appeared. He attracted my attention, without speaking, by a movement of his fingers. I watched him closely. Under the sheltered side of the oak he struck a light for his cigarette, at the same time inserting a piece of paper in a cavity between the bark and wood of the tree.

"My anxiety was soon relieved by possession of

this missive. It was from the Señorita, urging me, in the name of love and affection, to leave the venta, to go to Gibraltar, St. Roque, anywhere, and remain there, for such a course would alone save my life. She also stated that she had sent for some relatives to assist me, but feared they could not possibly arrive in time to be of service that night, when most probably they would be required. 'Let not your courage induce you to disregard my advice. You are dearer than life to me; the knife that takes your life takes mine.'

"That evening was bright and clear. The rains of the preceding night had refreshed the verdure, and the birds, in ecstasies of delight, sang their most brilliant melodies to the listening winds. It was an evening when the world appears too good for man, suggests to him the idea of a future state, and causes the most sceptical to waver in their disbelief. Less than the usual traffic of our hostelry had taken place that day. Towards sunset not even a charcoal-burner or muleteer was to be seen, an indubitable sign that rumours of the intended attack were afloat among the

poorer population. At dark my final instructions were given to José. On no pretence whatever were strangers to be admitted to the principal apartment, and if he should be surprised outside, he was to join us through a window, from which a rope was to be suspended.

"Thus the danger resulting from a sudden rush upon the door would be avoided. Loop-holes we had all but pierced through at those places most likely to command the points liable to attack.

"While the English servant laid out our arms and ammunition, loaded or re-capped pistols and guns, I and my friend with anything but heavy hearts discussed the probabilities over a game at *écarté*. Neither of us was of a race to be easily intimidated. In fact I do not think I exaggerate our feelings when I say we rather longed for the fray. My antagonist had just marked the king, and thus won the game, when our watch-dog, an immense animal derived from a cross between a Beaufort fox-hound and a Spanish shepherd's dog, bayed forth a warning that strangers were near. Soon after two un-

known men entered the open passage, frequently used for a resting place for the beasts of burden. It divided the building into two parts.

"José received them. They required shelter and food. He told them that the unoccupied room was at their service. As to the latter they could not be supplied with it, as the stock was exhausted. 'Well, let us have wine,' one exclaimed, with a curse; 'is this the way an Englishman treats his guests?' They entered the empty room and surveyed it, while I, from the apartment above, which ran the whole length of the building, carefully examined both. They were strangers to me, big powerful fellows habited in the usual costume of the south of Spain, and each was armed, a circumstance not at all uncommon among those who are in the habit of travelling.

"At length José appeared with a flask of common country wine, and placed it before them. They complained of cold, and desired more fire. Then they abused, in no measured terms, the accommodation they were receiving. 'It may do for an Englishman,' said one, 'but, bah!

to offer it to a good Catholic!' Again the dog's voice proclaimed more arrivals, and in a few moments half-a-dozen men, with swaggering voice and manner, entered the open central portion of the building, asking questions and making demands similar to those of their predecessors. More wine was called for and supplied, and with each draught they became more convivial with each other, and more abusive of their foreign landlord.

"'Where is he?' said one to José. 'Tell him that the host's place is among his guests, that we wish to drink with him.'

"'Alas! my master is too ill;' responded my servant, in a doleful voice; 'besides, wine has been forbidden him by the doctor. I have strict orders ——' but José was prevented telling more fibs by the advent of eight or ten more unknown men.

"One of them, the chief apparently, peremptorily demanded my presence. All my man urged in the hope that I might be excused was so much breath wasted. A second voice, one I recognised, urged on the first speaker by pro-

testing against their suffering such an insult. Their manner was so ominous of a coming storm, that José, under the pretence of bringing more wine, slipped off and joined us.

"From the room above, through various orifices in its ceiling, I examined the whole party. Ansaldo looked nervous and excited. It was evident that, although he had employed the gang, they did not consider him their chief. Angry words were being hurriedly banded between them, when he sprang to his feet, and in an emphatic, firm, low voice said, 'We did not come for this. Let us have this Englishman out, and at once settle our business. The carbineros, or guards of Seville, may have learned our purpose, so why delay?' Without dissent the speaker's views were adopted. José was called for, but on receiving no response they showered curses in profusion on his contemptible carcase.

"At length one of the strangers approached our room and knocked. I demanded who was there, and was answered by a request to come out and entertain my guests.

"In plain language I told them I knew of their

purpose, that if they wanted me they would have to take me, and that I would accept their first overt act as my excuse for commencing hostilites.

"A yell answered my speech. 'Smash in the door,' came from a dozen throats; and the threat was about to be executed, when my friend and I fired through the floor from the roof above, where we imagined the thickest of the crowd would be. Yells and denunciations followed this discharge. The crowd retired from the entrance into the room where the wine had been served. Several rushed to the fire-place for lighted faggots to ignite the building. An orifice previously made served to command its situation, as we had already foreseen the dangerous use to which it might be put, and each barrel of my double gun, and one of my friend's, found a target. All was now bustle, confusion, and rage. The apartment was on longer tenable by them, the light of the fire exposing every cover that could be used for concealment. As the baffled scoundrels rushed for the door, a brace of revolver bullets further increased their panic and reduced their numbers.

"But we had not yet won the victory. Several

attempts to burn us out were made from the exterior. The night was so dark that it was most difficult to prevent this; but if the want of light favoured the besiegers, it favoured the attacked also, and José, who had established himself on the roof, changing his position according to circumstances, got more than one shot at his countrymen. Still the odds in numbers were so fearfully against us, the size of our stronghold so great, that it became evident that such a siege could never be a protracted one. But with all this, knowing that the chances were against us, that any delay in the termination of the contest would assuredly further incense our foes, I do not believe that any thought of surrender, or any desire not to fight the battle as long as life and power were accorded us, entered for a moment into the hearts of any of our little garrison. For some time the struggle had been at a stand-still. The blackness of the night, and the density of the surrounding foliage, encircled our domicile with such an impenetrable gloom that to see our foes was impossible. Yet we knew they were there, for their position we could ascertain by the angry voices sometimes raised in

dispute, or the deep guttural sob heaving from the breast of an unfortunate who breathed away life, choked by the hemorrhage which impeded his respiration.

"José had been on the roof some minutes, and even his musket had ceased to proclaim the existence of its owner. The uncertain light of our apartment, the stern determined visages of my companions, their accoutrements and arms, and their smoke and powder-begrimed countenances and costumes, formed a worthy subject for the skilful brush of some of those old artists to whose powers of depicting light, shade, and character their surviving works so abundantly testify.

"But a penetrating oppressive smoke, that appeared rapidly to increase, put an end to all moralizing. One reason alone could be assigned for it, namely, that our retreat was on fire, and unless we could reach and suppress the infant flames, we must in time become their victims, or fall in hand to hand conflict with quadruple our numbers. At this state of affairs José joined us. He also knew of the danger of our situation, and that nothing but the most prompt action would serve

us in such an emergency. To make a sally from our stronghold appeared the most probable step, to produce a beneficial result, and such a course was about to be adopted, when my servant interposed, and begged that he might be permitted to make an effort to reach from the outside the smouldering materials which promised so soon to spring into a blaze and reduce the house to a mass of charred ruins. It appeared so like sacrificing the life of this plucky fellow, that it required his utmost eloquence in order to gain his point; but at length, when he insisted that the danger was scarcely greater than that attending the pursuance of the other course, a tacit consent was finally accorded to his desire.

"He descended silently from the rear window, assisted by the rope that had previously served him to enter. When I knew that he had reached the ground I remained prepared to cover his retreat, but the darkness was as intense as the silence, the fore-sight of my gun even being invisible. So far, however, he had been successful. It was quite possible the villains had withdrawn to some distance to watch the results

of their handiwork in greater security. If so, José might be fortunate; but if, on the other hand, he should come in contact with one of the foe, a hand-to-hand encounter must ensue, and this the strongest arm and most skilfully handled blade would decide, for to use his fire-arms would reveal his position, and in a moment draw every available gun of the enemy upon him. The smoke still continued to increase, its density having become so great that no one could have recognized his most intimate friend across the room. We listened intently for some indication of what was being transacted outside, for we had determined that the sound of a struggle should be the signal for a rush to the rescue of myfaithful servant.

"Our suspense had now continued so long, that any change would have been preferable. Moments seemed minutes, marked by the pulsations of our hearts. Such inertion was terribly trying, for a fearful struggle might be taking place outside, in which a faithful and devoted follower was contending for life against overwhelming superiority. At length the report of a gun awoke the echoes, and several

more rapidly followed, succeeded by the sharp crash of bullets bedding themselves in the timber of our domicile, clearly telling, by the place they struck, of José's position, for we had no doubt that they had been aimed at him. After a pause, several more shots followed. A splinter flying across the room severely wounding my friend. At the same moment the end of the edifice burst into flames, and José joined us with his conchillio in his teeth. The blood stains on it and on his right hand told emphatically that his mission had been no easy one, and that to the prompt use of his weapon he owed his safe return. But the flames increased in heat and volume as they were fed; and in a few minutes our shelter would be entirely embraced by the insatiable devouring element. Having no desire to perish in so ignominious a manner, the door was thrown open for a rush. I addressed a few brief words of encouragement to my companions, whose determined looks told more plainly than words that each was resolved, if fall he must, to do so fighting, and if possible not unavenged. The jeering of

mocking voices rung distinctly through the crackling of the flames. The fiends with whom we were contending, and with whom, in a few moments we should be engaged in a struggle the result of which would be life or death, were rejoicing over the prospect of soon consummating their long deferred revenge.

"'Are you all ready?' asked my friend. Before the responses could be given, more than a dozen reports rung out in reverberating echoes, followed by file-firing. Each looked to the other, as if to inquire the cause; for, from the smoke and shadow, we could not be the objects shot at. There was but one solution to the question. Assistance had arrived! Uttering a cheer, such as our soldiers give when some dogged foe ultimately breaks before their steady front, we rushed forth. A fearful struggle was taking place. The flickering light of the blazing edifice exposed the position of the combatants, among whom were several of our besiegers, and a numerous party of the Seville Guards. But the fight was brief, for the military police dealt promptly and summarily with the brigands; and to the credit

of these scoundrels may I add, not one asked mercy, but accepted death with that determined pluck characteristic of a fox when run into by a pack of hounds. In fact those had fled who had a chance. The less fortunate were knocked on the head, and among them was the rejected lover of the Señorita, in whose bosom were found several letters, the contents of which, and their undoubted authenticity, when laid before the proper authorities, furnished in due course of time the revenge I most desired, namely, that of driving from the profession I had quitted with so much regret, the man who had so deeply injured me.

"To the Señorita was due the timely arrival of the Garda de Seville. To her in after-years I owe a happy home, for she has proved herself as good and practical as she was beautiful.

"I have been here now upwards of twenty years, and although I have not succeeded in making a fortune, I am as comfortable and well-to-do as I desire, for I have few wants, and these are easily gratified. I have now no friends and relations, and as my adopted country has become

to me home, I do not even sigh after the land of my birth; for, with my now restricted means, I never could enjoy the field-sports which are so necessary to my existence that, without them, I should soon be laid upon a bed of sickness. The quiet sunset of my existence is a compensating termination to a career that commenced amid such bustle and excitement."

CHAPTER XIII.

A Military Settler's Residence—An Ex-Pugilist—Salting the Herd—Beautiful Prospect—Stock-raising—Flora of the Prairies—Startling Intelligence—Robbery of the Express Company—Anecdote—American Politicians—A Flood—Fauna of the Prairies—Wild Ducks—A Low Comedy Character.

THIS person's residence was a pretty bungalow style of cottage on the margin of the Embaras, where a fall of several feet occurred. His selection of a site for his home showed that he still retained an eye for the picturesque, for it has seldom been my lot to see so pretty a situation. From his hall door the lawn sloped down to the water's edge, and excellent black bass fishing was to be obtained here during the greater portion of the season. Behind the residence stood his stock-yard, which contained a goodly number of horses

and horned cattle. To the breeding of the former he devoted much attention, and, from the specimens I viewed, his labour evidently had its reward. With the exception of sufficient for home use, and the support of his stock in Winter, he paid but little attention to the cultivation of cereals, yet made an income of over 1,000 dollars per annum, amply sufficient to gratify his quiet and unpretending desires.

It is very seldom that English military men can thus settle down, more particularly those who have knocked much about. When I viewed this hale old gentleman, and heard the incidents of his early career, I could not help regarding him with astonishment. In the use of the gun and the art of breaking young horses he was without an equal in the neighbourhood; and although well advanced in years, he was so ruddy and hale that few young men could come out of a contest of strength with him, without feeling that their struggle for victory had been no easy one.

On my way home I went several miles out of my direct route to visit another fellow-countryman, an ex-pugilist, an equally good representative

of a type peculiar to our land. He was a prosperous man and owned a well-patronised public-house, at which I never called without receiving a most hearty welcome. Abroad, the barriers placed between the different grades of society at home are ruthlessly knocked on the head. What would some of my acquaintances say to dining with a publican and ex-pugilist?

The cattle, poor things, at last got through the Winter, or rather till sufficient grass had come forth to provide them with a sufficiency of food. Still they looked wretchedly thin, some of them being evidently so weak that it was with difficulty they retained their footing. If I should be here another year, I resolved that this should not be the case, for I should have sufficient hay made on the prairie to equal the Winter demand. Why the residents do not do so I cannot understand, for in my humble belief the remuneration resulting from such a course would thoroughly compensate for the trouble. The cattle would then be in robust health early in the season, and all that they consumed, after their requirements were satisfied, would assist to make

them ready for an early market, when beef commands a very much higher price than it does later on in the season.

Being so far from the coast, and the atmosphere consequently containing a very trifling proportion of saline matter, it is necessary, at least once a week, to "salt" the herd. It is remarkable how soon the poor creatures learn the day and place where this is performed, and regularly as clockwork they assemble to enjoy what doubtless is to them a great luxury. Salting has thus a great advantage attached to it, for, if it is regularly performed, it becomes unnecessary to go scouring over the range to count the drove, as every individual of it is certain to put in an appearance at the proper time; and so great is their anxiety to obtain a share of this great delicacy, that they will fight with each other in the most determined manner for it.

There is scarcely a more beautiful sight than that which the prairie presents when the early Spring grass has become a few inches long, for in colour it is the brightest of greens, and from a distance resembles by its flatness a gigantic

bowling or cricket ground. Of course in such a picture there would be a great sameness, were it not that the immense savannah is covered in all directions with groups of cattle cropping the sweet succulent herbage, or reposing in every imaginable position, thus rendering the view attractive and interesting. Already I am commencing to count my chickens before the eggs are hatched, that is, I am congratulating myself on having entered into this cattle speculation, for beef continues to rise rapidly in price. The only thing to be regretted is that all my cattle are not yet sufficiently advanced in condition to be converted into food. However, I must curb my impatience and wait; and as the prospect of large profits is so satisfactory, I am better able to do so with some degree of complacency.

Stock-raising in this neighbourhood, if conducted on a large scale, must at all times be most remunerative, for, from the day the calf is born till the hour it is shipped to market, ready to be converted into beef, it appears to me that, with the exception of a little attention, there is neither expense nor trouble connected with the undertak-

ing. Of course this is not the case all over the country. Further north the Winters are so severe and long that a great portion of Summer must be employed in laying up forage for the support of stock; while a few hundred miles to the south of this place, the Summer sun is so hot that for many months all the grasses are so parched up by its drying influences as to afford no nourishment to cattle. Neither of these objections has to be combated here. All the year round, with the exception of a month or six weeks in early Spring, there is either prairie grass, water-weeds, or brouse to be obtained. In fact, unless the Winter should be unprecedented in severity, cattle can live the whole year round without man being called upon in any way to provide for their wants.

While writing of cattle and the prairies, it may be as well to mention that it is the habit of all travellers to go into ecstasies over the flora of every country but their own, thus doing a great injustice to their native land, and misleading by false statements the opinions formed by those who stay at home, of what they might hope to

see if they were induced to go abroad. The flor. of the prairies is certainly very fine, but still neither in variety nor brilliancy does it approach what I have seen in Ireland and England. Even now I can recall a park in the County of Antrim, verging on the borders of Loch Neagh, that first became yellow with primroses, afterwards blue with wild hyacinths, and ultimately white with the blossoms of its numerous black and white thorn-trees, which looked as if they had been sprinkled over with the snows of Winter. There were many other wild-flowers to be found here, not perhaps so numerously as the specimens mentioned, but equally attractive from their loveliness, such as the variegated orchid, the modest violet, the brilliant *fleur de lis*, and the ever popular polyanthus.

But, to return to the West, the prairie flowers are never so numerous as to colour the landscape in such a way as poppies often do fields of grain. The grasses invariably overshadow with their vivid greenness all flowers that attempt to compete with them in prominence, and it often requires close observation, even occasionally a

search, to find out the brilliant gems hid away in these seas of grass. The orchids here are numerously represented in the damp and low-lying grounds, while the sloughs in Summer are covered with great varieties of water-plants, some of which produce most attractive blossoms. Although shrubs and bushes are generally scarce on the open prairie land, there are places where they are found in considerable luxuriance. Chief among these are the willow, osier, and persimmon—the tender leaves and buds of which are most attractive to deer.

The whole of the inhabitants living within a few miles of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, have been convulsed by the startling intelligence that the night-train from Cincinnati to St. Louis has been stopped by a band of guerilla troops a few miles westward from the former city, and passengers, mails, and express robbed of all their valuables. At a sudden turn in the track, close on the margin of the Ohio river, where there is an up-hill grade, the rails were removed, and consequently the train was brought to a stand-still. In a moment a couple of dozen well

armed men took possession of the carriages, while fifty or sixty more stood by ready to render assistance if any resistance was offered. It is true that the majority of Americans carry arms, but, taken thus by surprise and outnumbered, the passengers wisely offered no resistance. As chance would have it, there were not only several wealthy persons in the train, but the express waggon contained a very large sum of money, under the charge of an agent of the company to whom it belonged. All was taken; even the rings, watches, and jewellery of the travellers being carried off. At first the outrage was supposed to have been committed by a raiding party of Confederate irregular troops, and there was ample reason for this opinion, as all the gang were dressed in the familiar grey coats and trousers of the southern army; but a subsequent investigation disclosed that the robbers were part of a gang which is immensely numerous, and that the majority of them had come from New York or other Eastern towns.

As the funds that the express company lost were shipped in New York, it is more than

probable that information to this effect was given through spies to the principals of the clique in the West, leading to the perpetration of this wholesale robbery.

Some persons with whom I was acquainted, and who were in the train, informed me that nothing could have been more perfect than the manner in which the whole affair was conducted, and that the politeness of the robbers to all, more especially to the lady passengers, was worthy of Claude Duval.

An anecdote in connection with this robbery which as currently circulated is not unworthy of mention. On a lady being requested to hand over her rings, she did so with much hesitation, particularly clinging to one. As she deposited it in the freebooter's hand, she remarked that she had hoped never to part with it in life, as it was a gift from one who was dead, and who had been her dearest friend. Upon this the robber, in a most gentlemanly manner, replaced it upon her finger, requesting that she would retain it, and hoping that its value would be enhanced in her eyes as it was also now a gift from him.

Whatever truth there may be in the assertion, it is confidently maintained that the perpetrators of this outrage were most respectable-looking persons, and that the manner of all of them denoted so much breeding that they must have moved in a most respectable class of society. If this was the case, it adds additional importance to the deed, and incontrovertibly proves that the danger to be apprehended by society of a repetition of such outrages is greatly enhanced, rendering it additionally important that the civil power should not leave a stone unturned to bring the perpetrators to justice. It has long been known as a fact that those politicians who desire to be successful here have to propitiate the lowest classes and gain their influence. To do this, the misdeeds of persons in authority are too often winked at; otherwise, on the termination of the public man's period of office, he would stand no chance of re-election, for the transgressors of the laws (and here such characters have much influence) would never leave a stone unturned to induce all to whom they were known to vote on the other side of the platform in antagonism to him who

had given offence. This is the element of disease in Republican Government, that ever keeps gnawing at its vitals, and is destined sooner or later to cause its destruction. The straightforward and uncompromising man of principle, who is above compassing popularity by such means, who steadfastly upholds what is right, and rigidly and impartially deals with the dishonest, would never succeed in retaining office; for, where universal suffrage is tolerated, the illiterate, unprincipled, weak-minded, and criminal portion of the community outnumber the good, reliable, and responsible members of society.

I have heard many of the highest class of American gentlemen say that they would neither be candidates for office, nor even vote. I can perfectly understand their reasons for not wishing to be mixed up in contests in which they can never expect to be successful, unless they stoop to do deeds distasteful to their nature; but on the other hand do they not owe a duty to their country? Is such conduct that of good citizens? Do they not, by thus withdrawing their influence, bind the firmer around the neck of the people the halter

that is choking them? Most certainly they do. Redemption from many of the present objectionable features of American society will only be obtained when that portion of the people of the United States which corresponds with the landed proprietors in England, get the ascendency in power. One of the greatest barriers to the accomplishment of this is the immense foreign population, and I unhesitatingly state, from my own experience, that these aliens are the main source from which all that is bad emanates. The poor home-bred American is as superior to these naturalised citizens as day is to night.

At length the long foretold and talked about flood has taken place, the meadow beneath the house is covered with water, and the course of the river can only be detected by the trees that in ordinary times fringe its margin.

Wild fowl in innumerable flocks and of various descriptions cleave their passage through the air and dash about with such apparent recklessness, that the observer must be impressed with the belief that this is for them no usual holiday. The

waters are much discoloured, and trees, fences, and logs float upon its surface, shewing how clean a sweep of all that is moveable has been made over the low grounds lying to the north.

After breakfast I started for a survey of the prairies situated to the west. Scarcely had I left the barn-yard when I saw a drove of wild turkeys roosting on the upper limbs of a dead button-wood tree. There were not less than thirty birds in the flock, but so well had they chosen their situation, and so thoroughly were they on the *qui vive*, that my effort to stalk within gunshot was a failure. But if I was destined to fail in obtaining this description of game so early in the day, I soon discovered that, if my game-bag had been as capacious as a portmanteau, I could with ease have filled it—for every bush, heap, or coppice sheltered game, and the beautiful little partridge and diminutive hare hurried about in every direction to find shelter from my prying gaze.

At length the western limits of the high ground were reached, and before me stretched a sea, where yesterday was to be seen the broad expanding prairies. But it was not an extended

blue water like the Mediterranean, or a more mirky ocean like that which washes the shores of our island home, but a turbid thick yellow liquid covering, impregnated with the soil and débris washed from hundreds of miles of inundated land. The depth of water over these vast plains must have been considerable, for the heads of the tall grass were not to be seen over its surface, and in many places these grasses were so lofty that they came well over the flaps of my saddle when riding through them. Thus there remained no resting place for bird or animal where thousands had lived previous to the invasion of their demesne by the hostile torrent. Compelled to seek safety, they had found a refuge on the first high ground that occurred in the vicinity; and thus, when the more elevated farm became an island it also became an asylum for every creature that lived within miles of it.

Indiscriminate slaughter I abominate; and doing so, did not take advantage of the opportunities afforded by the weather. Still I obtained a pleasure—one which was to me a feast of no ordinary enjoyment, viz., a chance of studying

the habits of the various wild creatures collected within so small a space. During my stroll, I soon discovered evidences that many head of deer were among the prisoners, and being partial to the melody of a hound's voice, I returned to the homestead for an old hound which I possessed, whose powers of scent were the keenest I had ever known; but the hound was slow, very slow, for any person in ordinary training might easily have kept pace with him when running on a trail. Placing this dog upon the track, I crossed over to a favourite deer-run, and ere I had been at my stand a quarter of an hour I knew by his voice that he was heading for my position. I had taken my stand under a tree, to the bark of which my clothes assimilated in colour, so that I had every reason to hope that I should not be observed. In this conjecture I was right. First came an old doe with her flaccid ears and bright eyes in full employment to detect the slightest trace of danger. Following her heels were several of her sex, while the rear was brought up by half a dozen bucks, who appeared too lazy to hurry, or else despised the danger the

others dreaded. Whatever were the feelings that prompted them, many an eccentric gambol or nimble jump marked their course, till they had so far passed me that the leader of the herd began to get my wind, when a snort of danger was given, and one and all increased their pace to the utmost of their power. With what wonderful attributes has Nature endowed these timid helpless children of the prairie and forest! If it were not so, how soon they would be exterminated, and the most graceful and lovely of God's creatures left without a representative!

But continuing my tour of observation, I saw a pretty little grey fox jump from behind a log, and frisking his little tale in sign of adieu, disappear into the nearest thicket; and ere I had proceeded a step or two further, another animal no less attractive, but scarcely so timid, was seen. It was what is generally here denominated a wood-chuck—more properly speaking the American marmot. It is a pretty brown-skinned animal, of the size of the domestic cat. It passes its time in burrows, or, when not feeding, sunning

itself in some warm nook. As it sits upon its hind legs, and pryingly looks for the intruder whose steps it has heard, one cannot help being struck with its old-fashioned, grotesque attitudes. At length it is alarmed, and with a spring dives into its burrow, in which, if carefully watched, a bright pair of eyes will be seen peering from the darkness of the subterranean retreat, in the hope of seeing the object of its alarm disappear. The wood-chuck is a frugal animal, and as it is gifted with foresight, it lays up stores of provisions for the Winter, that it may not be necessary at that bleak period to come forth mid snow and ice to seek its sustenance. In addition to these virtues it is endowed with great courage, and although never the aggressor, will fight with an assailant with a spirit which is only exhausted when life becomes extinct.

But the old hound is running still. Numerous outlying deer have joined the original herd, so that now there are not less than thirty or forty head in front of the pursuer. Again and again the timid creatures change their runs. It is of no avail, for the staunch old hound can-

not be thrown out, but patiently pursues his slow course. On reaching my residence the herd passed below, jumping the fences in succession; yet there was no evidence of alarm in their manner, but simply a desire to keep a safe distance between themselves and their dangerous follower. Poor things! they had been worried enough, so I whipped the dog off and left them to enjoy the rest they so well merited.

Next day I had a sight which few have seen. I took the old hound with me, and on passing a corner of one of the enclosures where buck-wheat had been cultivated, he struck a trail, which, from the energy he displayed in following it, and the frequency with which he proclaimed his enjoyment of the chase, must have been very fresh. Ignorant of what I pursued, I used sufficient energy to keep close up to the hunt. At length our course led direct to the overflow, the margin of which was covered with logs and decayed bush. Here the hound for some moments appeared at fault, but at length recovering the scent, the woods rung with his mellow voice as he proclaimed the welcome intelligence. Backward and forward the

faithful old dog trailed his game, pressing over logs and through bush, till at last a drove of over thirty full-grown turkeys took wing through the inundated portion of the forest. What splendid birds these were, and with what brilliancy the sun was reflected off their burnished plumage! The sight was before me for hours afterwards. Shall I ever forget it? My feelings answer no.

On that portion of the farm furthest from the house there was a wheat field, a part of which was under water. Here the wild ducks were assembled in countless multitudes, and in the woods that surrounded the enclosure they were equally numerous. In the afternoon I took my stand behind a screen constructed for the occasion, my presence having frightened all the broad-bills away. I had to exercise some patience in my place of concealment before they commenced returning, but when they did, their numbers were so great that even Colonel Hawker would have been surprised. First, an old drake came to examine the locality. Round and round he swung on fleet wings, till he was evidently satisfied that nothing to be dreaded was near. So with a quack, doubt-

less expressing the satisfaction he felt that such was the case, he wheeled off to give the desired intelligence that all who had been lately disturbed might with safety return to their favourite feeding place. Such news was evidently gratifying to their feelings, for by twos and threes at first, and afterwards by dozens, they successively arrived, till the whole water was covered with them. There are few more beautiful birds than a mallard duck; their plumage is so well kept and so beautifully blended, while the drakes are perfect pictures of brilliant colouring. With them come the dusky duck, the summer duck and gadwell, all perfect as they came from the hand of nature.

At last the lengthening shadows tell me that night is rapidly approaching, and that it is time for me to think of returning to my home; so if I intend taking with me a sufficient number of birds for my table, I had better delay shooting no longer. Two shots were all that was necessary to accomplish my purpose, and the noise caused by the wings of the survivors rushing off for safer retreats echoed like thunder through the silent woods.

The waters of the Wabash having subsided sufficiently to make navigation from the Indiana to the Illinois shore less dangerous, a visitor has found his way over to my demesne with the hope of getting some of the sport that the locality is celebrated for when the waters are "booming." This person is no other than the redoubtable Dutchman, the low-comedy character of the neighbourhood. It was most amusing to note the provender he brought with him, sausages of all sizes and shapes, flanked with a jar of whiskey sufficient in magnitude to have satisfied half-a-dozen Bacchanals for a week. Feeling rather out of sorts, I was unable to accompany him, but my absence did not appear to have operated disadvantageously to his success; for he returned in the evening to my house loaded, and leaving two deer in the woods, till a horse could be procured to bring them in. His good fortune made him most communicative, and several times he convulsed us with laughter ere it reached the hour for retiring. One of his yarns I append, as I consider it intensely funny. My words cannot do the story justice; still there are such elements

of low comedy in it, that I cannot resist endeavouring, to the best of my powers, narrating the affair as it was imparted to me.

A short time after Tony's arrival at Vincennes, he went down to the Wabash and Embaras bottom grounds to have a quiet hunt. Although his experience of America and its game had been very limited, still from the reported abundance of animals to be found in this locality he sanguinely looked forward to being rewarded with success. A few days previous to this he had seen a tame opossum, which would suspend itself from a branch by his tail; and being desirous of possessing such a novel pet, he determined to be on the *qui vive* for 'possum in particular, and how near he came to the accomplishment of his aim, the reader will soon learn.

Success had not rewarded his efforts, and disappointment had produced vexation of spirit. It was no use prying into the tops of the trees, wild turkeys refused to become visible, while if he looked to the right or left, into impenetrable brush and swamp, deer successfully concealed themselves from his most careful scrutiny. At

length he sat down upon a log to rest his wearied frame, and to form fresh plans of campaign against the *ferœ naturœ*.

But while thus cogitating, his ever-watchful eye detects something which, after more careful observation, impresses him with the belief that it must be an opossum hanging from the limb of a tree by its tail. After such a discovery he does not remain a moment at rest. Cautiously rising from his seat, with the care and *finesse* of the practised hunter he commences to stalk his quarry. Step by step he steals over the ground, finding in every bush, tree, and stone shelter suited to his purpose. No skirmisher in the face of the enemy ever used more skill and greater judgment in effecting his approach upon a concealed foe. At length he comes within shooting distance, but, perceiving no movement in the game, to make doubly sure of his aim, he determines on a further advance. Again the same stratagems are practised and with equally favourable results. Already he is not more than twenty yards from the intended victim, and it has yet made no movement to denote that it has any knowledge of his presence.

It therefore strikes him that the opossum must be asleep. Why not capture it alive then? Not only would such a course save him a charge of powder and shot, but he would accomplish the great object of his ambition, the attainment of a pet. With this idea, he steals on with redoubled care through the silent forest. Every movement of his body is so slow and measured, that the snake advancing upon a victim might equal, but not excel, his strategy. But a few yards further and success awaits him. Already he anticipates the result, when he suddenly discovers that he has exercised so much caution in approaching, not an animal, but an inanimate mass much resembling in size and colour what he had hoped it was. How great was his disappointment! But what was this pendent object, the like of which he had never seen before? Possibly, he thought, some gigantic fruit peculiar to the new country, or a nest constructed by a bird he had neither read nor heard of before. So to solve the mystery, he poked up the thing with the muzzle of his gun; when, lo! a thousand black fiends issued forth, their angry

voices predicting their vindictive natures. A certain resemblance to a well-known home-insect flashed across his brain, and he fled with the utmost celerity that his fat short legs and protuberant paunch would allow. But his assailants were swift, and followed close in his wake; so to save himself he rushed headlong into an opportune pool, such as often occurs in these woods, and remarkable for the fetid, oozing, stagnant liquid it contained. Fortunately there was enough water in it to immerse his well developed proportions, for even his head had frequently to be ducked underneath to save it from the attacks of the more resolute of his persecutors. A *hornet's nest* was what he had taken such liberties with! Saturated and covered with filthy reeking slime he reached home, doubtless a wiser if not a happier man.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY A. SCHULZE, 13, POLAND STREET.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018